

Against the Ineffable

by **Rean Rhowyn**

(Ren Row-win · /rɛn ˈroʊ.wɪn/)

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Foreword

Hey reader.

Dear reader.

This is but blueprint.

You should not use this for anything other than — though I permit gruel for fire, in case things are rough.

Do you know what it's like to be on the verge of solace but never reach it? Do you know how it feels to be tested and tried over and over as if you're a mop, used to clean up mental asylum accidents, never swapped out — just wrung. What it is like to be crushed by a cushioned nutcracker thousands of times on end, the soft material melting into your skin as it slowly pulls it apart.

I know not.

To be in such a state, without the merits of me, would be suicide. I am a blessing upon this earth. The issue is that the blessing cannot see what it was born of.

During my writer's retreat, one of the most frequent criticisms I received, amidst the thousands of comments provided by my dear editor — one of far too few people I would classify as 'competent' currently, and one who I wish to pay special homage to for her unconditional assistance with this — was that many ideas were left unexplored or were shut down at questionable times. That is a very founded observation, yet had I had it my way, this would have taken far longer to come out.

Furthermore, the frequent, incessant yapping, grammatical debates regarding American or British spelling, and conceptual conundrums, too, made up the bulk of our routine. It was my greatest of pleasures to spend time with her leading up to the publishing of this book, as we wrote into delirium.

In a rather melodramatic fashion, over the past couple of months, as I neared the end of this book, I wished to get it out there by all means. To make sure there's something concrete left of me, that speaks for my volition, in the case that I vanish. Yes, this death omen has eerily haunted my thoughts now more than ever, one that has encouraged disquietude instead of obsession. To my great joy anyhow, I may now claim that I've birthed child, albeit defunct and in need of incubation — a tale of butchering.

The lack of an appropriate purpose is the most actual evil. Evil is to be exterminated. The extermination of evil is man's pursuit. The man is the whole. The bane of affiliating one's life's work with the human condition is the perpetual jeopardy within which all his actions fall. For finite times am I to preach about a better tomorrow, and just as many am I to be disappointed with the prospects of today.

Over the course of this book, you'll make note of fluctuations, of development in prose and conduct — character — this has been written over the better part of two years after all. The person behind these words has experienced and undergone, has honed the craft using what you're reading as the training grounds and finally writes you this introductory passage.

We aren't exactly destined to strive for perfection — though I might often imply it for the sake of urgency, or underscore the way in which biology would back the sentiment.

However, it is my wholehearted belief that there are right ways to live, and wrong ones. It is a spectrum, though the distinction between those on the upper end and those on the lower is anything but blurry. The idea is simple, in our common understanding of humanity, to be as such means to have flaws that make up the character of you (notwithstanding and persisting in co-existence with all the great attributes you may also be able to boast of). To this extent, our task ought to be choosing which flaws we wish to retain. It is awfully elementary to agree on a ranking of flaws, even with a philistine... or rather a common-sense thinker if you will — someone that does not delve into all the intricacies a philosopher would. Being a drug addict is infinitely worse than being egoistic (so long as the egoism doesn't constitute atypical and stays within its conventional, societal understandings). So indeed, if we can rank which flaws are where on the spectrum, and aim to undertake the least, and those with the smallest ruination propensity, then we may claim to live the proper life (this will be explored in depth within my next work).

Humans used to be stress-tested; now, on average, they are less so. The human mind, by contrast, is now able — and often endures the most significant stresses in all of history. The only issue is that we constantly try to avoid them, seeking safety rather than straining, thus empowering the organ that is us. This is wrong.

Head: Unending
Embarkment,
Gossip & Gloss,
Chapped

Salutations.

There is no one out there who can wrap their head around the concept of another being just as intricate and complex as themselves. Leading their own tragedies and having their own quirks, no matter how minuscule — perhaps if such a person does exist and they haven't eaten themselves... I would find great joy in never meeting them.

This skin of mine is oddly comfortable at times.

I'm not entirely sure of what it is that I desire. Is it concrete evidence that supports my authenticity? Doesn't bringing about that very evidence jeopardise the desire's purpose? And yet after tearing at the walls countless times, the wallpaper rests unscathed. In layman's terms, if something doesn't work out, then try the other thing; you owe it to yourself.

Aren't we all laymen?

Owing something to yourself. Truly, more often than not, people hear something along those lines from others who wish to make them uncomfortable to improve the former's condition, though not always. Buy that buttery croissant, live a little. Won't both my pockets and organs suffer from this? Oh, what's it to me right now? I'll do it anyhow. You really should try working out. With the way things are going, you'll eventually regret not doing so.

Liar. You can lie to yourself all you want. If you lie to yourself, there won't be repercussions. Relax! For a while, nobody but you will be affected. Think of how happy the yet unborn

maggots will be when they get to munch on your decaying corpse a little earlier because you didn't pay your debts. Eh... Then again, you may be cremated.

Thoughts can be tricky; I don't believe one could ever be their master. Reading through the last handful of lines, one has no obligation to let them simmer within their head or reflect in their actions. I, very much enjoy my thoughts; they seem like swirling winds tearing apart a cabin of spruce. When they finally settle down, however, there's no mess, nor is it a scene of ravage, but instead... in a perhaps quite uncanny nature everything has found a place for itself, one that doesn't betray the prior mislocation.

This cabin often goes still for long periods of time — sometimes the owner walks in to redesign some of the furniture he'd crafted, other times a fox finds its way inside, hiding away from the outdoor-dwelling entities.

Childhood

I am proud of my upbringing, or rather, how I interpreted it. I am happy with who I've grown to be, and it is fair to say that had I had a different childhood, I wouldn't be the me I am. Nevertheless, I still yearn for, and fantasise about, more fulfilling school years and a much better use of my ample spare time. Maybe this is just another case of wishing for something you don't have while ignoring everything you do.

Though I acknowledge that what I did have was the best it could've been, maybe — and that said, I'm not entirely sure if acknowledging all perspectives matters when you still speak highly of one while hinting at the disappointing features of the rest.

In hindsight, many would wish for a childhood like mine: the year-round quiet, the lack of expectations and little pressure, a family, a friend and snippets of love — however imperfect all may have been. The pleasure of having a tremendous yet unrecognisable amount of space for growth and transition is one whose after-effects I still enjoy to this day.

I have grown to become admirable in my own eyes, a goal akin to reaching the very stars for many. Facing hardships is often portrayed as the best tonic for evolution, or lack thereof. Except that I do not believe it plays as grand a role in the developmental process of an individual. While they are often objective, they can also be subjective, and I staunchly proclaim that I have faced few, if any.

Fear the Latter

It's never been darker.

What exactly?

You, the universe, the salt on the table, everything.

Why is the salt dark?

Why are you asking about the salt?

Why do you think it has to be anything other than dark?

Everything, I mean, in the first place.

So it HAS to be dark? Grim?

No, well. Grim is another thing entirely. What makes you say that about everything?

It's just. It feels like there's nowhere to go; every conversation you have with anyone out there is the same; every new experience will grow old; every drop of tears, sweat, or blood you shed will either be your last or won't.

You're speaking in absolutes, though. Just because I know the sun will set after dusk does not mean I shouldn't look at it, or even admire.

You're wrong, though. My spine hurts, and so do my thighs.
My eyes fall on the fissures covering my knuckles and my
palms, created by the likes of you.
You're not being reasonable.
You're not understanding.

...

Try to wrap your head around it once more. The gas seeps
from the petals and is poisonous. Do you approach the
beautiful flower anyway?
Yes, I do, I can hold my breath. Even if it gets through, we're
assuming the flower is gorgeous enough to justify retrieving it
in the first place; any damage I suffer, I can only hope, is
temporary or not measurable enough to cause worry.
The stench of poison is infused within the flower. The flower
itself is poisonous; it will kill you if you hold onto it.
I can put it in a case, keep it nearby but not too close, and
preserve it.
You haven't earned the flower.
What more can I do?
That's what I want to figure out.
There isn't much else.
Yet that's where you're wrong.

...

Intermission

There isn't much happening at the moment. In fact, I'm
convinced there isn't really much happening ever; the
inexhaustible, disgruntled force pushing everybody forward is
just that. There is a course which everybody takes, and what's
important is to be a master of shaping it. I believe there isn't
ever a period of time which should be explicitly devoted to
waiting for an opportune moment; the opportune moment is
always now, it is as I write and as you are reading, it is a single

word that sparks any minuscule ounce of inspiration, motivation, and urges you to show yourself that you care. You care for the ability to care, and the time and resources to care. You yearn for a tear in the fabric of your reality, be it a tear unseen to all but yourself, be that as it may. It still is, however. And that tear comes with conviction, purpose.

We don't — we hardly have any time to play around. If you want to spend that time doing... things that aren't quite humane, and I use 'humane' very broadly here, then make sure to steer clear of the path I'm treading until I eventually force myself onto yours. It is imperative to avoid ever being in a position to obstruct another's path, unless, of course, you are there by design to remould it for the better. Be responsible for your actions — emotions are often at play, and they can subtly steer another person's life into turmoil, born of their interactions with you. This is said with much earnestness, but if you understand that and pretend not, then you are on par with the unfair devil.

Camaraderie

I resonate with the idea of the ideal relationship, a companionship. It's based on going through experiences and time together, both failing to tip the scales. It's something that we're getting further and further away from. Prejudice and presumptions plague us; the social climate leaves very little room for comfort found within unconditional interaction, and throughout all of this, I'm not entirely sure if there's any longer even a single person on this earth able to confidently say that they've nurtured such values. I, certainly am not one able to, though with much need to clarify: it isn't that the present state of play finds itself the beacon of ruin, it exists unaffected and indifferent.

Expression

Trying to portray something with depth, somehow, that which you've already extensively internalised, to another is often a swing and a miss. Whether or not that's because they're not you or you lack the proper method to make it comprehensible to them is something uncertain. However, it is often encouraged to try to externalise your thoughts and feelings by shovelling them into the other person's head through the ear holes or eye sockets anyhow, hoping they won't just spill out whenever you look the other way.

Trying is indeed essential, as much as not overly internalising. Fatal communication between parties occurs not only when there is a severe lack of it, but also when either party gets lost in its own attempts and finds itself overindulging in its own inner. It's like an itch — sometimes it's better not to scratch, and others, better to, albeit briefly. The cold, or a slap, does the trick too.

Though this passage focuses too much on a specific sort of expression. Temperance — fool me always. You don't often find yourself in the most appropriate position to express, yet which is it really? You won't ever find it. Go for it regardless; it is a fact that unintended inaction is worse than any action at all, though, of course, in situations where it makes sense, and you'll have to be the judge of that. It is easy to rely on prior beliefs and knowledge, not to peek through the keyhole. Why do so if there's just another door through there? Well, maybe because the knocking you hear isn't meant for a neighbour but for you. Perhaps it's because the door that's always been closed is now open, and you need to see why.

What's it matter anyway? You were heading for your desk, but you thought of looking out that keyhole, so why not throw yourself a curveball and commit to the bit?

I want it to make me want to vomit.

But I can't. I want to be someone who hates comfort and isn't drawn to it, because hard work is more inviting. Push yourself to confront your own principles and ideals, skim through them like they're files in a cabinet and not part of a full-fledged human being — that, is something of pursuit. Dissecting yourself by your lonesome takes time and effort, ample time and effort which I've yet to pour in. But I'm trying as you're reading this. I've constituted this work as an attempt, if nothing else, and second-guessing even this very action of mine puts me in a very disadvantageous situation. I know for sure there isn't anyone else out there who could do a better job of it than I. What kind of qualifications are required for this to be done? I know better than to doubt myself — but matters such as these need a little more than elementary confidence.

Discipline

It is with much displeasure that I write. My chair is uncomfortable, and sitting upright takes more effort than I would like; it is too hot, and the headspace isn't up to par at the moment. I haven't done much, if anything, today, and so I don't feel a sense of accomplishment, something which, dare I say, constitutes being prideful, and when you're lacking a fundamental...

The nail on my left thumb is cut improperly. The centipedes crawling about within my brain-matter remain seamless — trickle-trackling — and so I've none to blame for their directionlessness.

All this makes me feel hypocritical; that, in particular, isn't too bad, but it is still acknowledged. I so often catch people, perhaps on their bad days, not being up to much themselves, and judge them when I am not always on point either. And so what? Does occasionally abstaining from a vital activity lessen the value of everything else you've done? Does ending someone's life make you unreasonable? Taking an addictive substance once puts you on thin ice, and I suppose so does not doing something you've sworn yourself to.

But in that case, what are you to do? What are you to do other than pursue the next part in this agonising cycle of failure, and not just any, but failure concerning one's own self. It is pretty apparent that...

There are hens outside of my window. Why, that's quite amusing. The thought goes around that it would be nice to be an animal of such calibre. You would have to blatantly ignore the great misfortune that befell their kind thousands of years ago when it was figured out that these tiny dinosaurs could be eaten and were tasty — but say you do.

Mindlessly going about your business, mindless yet carefree, with nutrition ample and provided, all needs fulfilled, and any desires easily satisfied. But no, no, I wouldn't want that! Would you surrender the gorgeous complexity of life to become a one-dimensional being?

There is a certain glimmer in all the struggle: that, eventually, there will be new horizons to gaze upon and wish to conquer; there will be various roads to take, and every will harbour its own adventure. There will be lakes, rivers, and pebbles to trip over.

Though, who am I fooling? A difficult feat is to romanticise something many consider detestable. There are too many who wish to lie in bed and shut their eyes, hoping never to open them again. While we can all be convinced, intrigued, and shoved in a particular direction, it is trivial to acknowledge that, at the same time, we are quite aware. Aware that things could get better or change abruptly, with some luck or effort, but other than the ideal external factor, often it is quite pointless to be hopeful about such alterations in others' affairs. Look out for yourself first and foremost.

Self-speculation

Hm, if it isn't you again. It's quite enigmatic, the whole intrusive-thoughts shebang, intrusive from where? Who's intruding, sorry? It's you. All of it. Nothing triggered that abhorred thought you had earlier; you had it entirely of your own volition.

Yet it is said that it's just that, a thought, you wouldn't actually go through with realising it if you were in your right mind. Except that you totally would, under other circumstances, if facilitated so, you totally would. And so would I.

They say much conflict is of the inner nature, meaning that it could be dealt with on your own without any extraneous support. So why do people struggle still?

It is unfortunately reasonable to state that, for the most part, people are not tackling internal problems with deftness as they almost bafflingly choose to keep wrestling with their selfhood instead.

Elsewhere

I had the great pleasure of experiencing someone else's life through their eyes recently. It really is an unmatched and fantastic experience, and one that isn't always delivered appropriately, as a decent medium plays a significant role in orchestrating this play for the likes of the receiver. There was tragedy and bliss, there were moments when everything felt like it fell through. Nothing could be recovered. To counter that, there were moments of hope and meaning, lasting, deep relationships with the unlikeliest of people, unparalleled interactions, and near-indescribable encounters. It was a fun ride, one to remember. Naturally, my feeble mind is already losing grasp of it all. In a pathetic state, it floats, desperately trying to seem as if it's tugging at the memories created, when in reality, it's already decided to move on. What was it all for then, really? Maybe a big part of it was living in the moment. Act as you would, be unbound, for when you think it over at a later date, whatever's left of it anyway, chances are that most positive aspects will be engulfed in the raging flames of bleakness.

The events I had the privilege of witnessing, nay, partaking in, are irreplaceable at least as they settled into their own little crevice within my heart. If nothing else, it is my duty to make sure they're adequately commemorated, and I'd be a fool if I let them fade out entirely. They're there for just me, and for such an occurrence to vanish would be unjust to the whole world at best.

Impostor Syndrome

I realise now that in writing down the segment title beforehand, my thought process becomes dispersed... either way. It feels like who I've become suits who I'm trying to be, yet not who I currently am. Quite paradoxical in nature, how can who I've become both be unsatisfactory to the me of now, but also within the parameters of my end goal? In fact, I see now that despite its convoluted nature, the statement I've laid down might still not make much sense if attempted to be untangled, but maybe that's what it's all about in the first place, right? There is a vision of my future self, one which I want to get to, probably, but I strive for it in any case, assuming that it's a ballpark in the end, and landing anywhere within would let me be content. The ball I held — deflated, its fractures needing tending and its air refuelled — now sits in the ballpark shrouded in fog, but not everything is; I can see the boundaries.

It's quite the conundrum, isn't it? Everything you've done thus far, now has empirical evidence of your ability to do so, and even if the mountains flip and the seas empty, you should still be able to do it all over again. Yet we sit on the pier, staring at the woods across the lake as the sun sets and the dragonflies bring about insight, wondering how it is that we've even done it in the first place, much less if we're able to do so again, or, forbid, if we can do better.

Who was it then? Who managed to go the extra mile or snatch the opportunity when it arose? Some neat street performer who then magically vanished?

It was you, and nobody else. I understand that we change; it's often said that if you keep up proper practices, you won't ever

spontaneously lose touch, but I still fear. I fear that one day I'll stop being considerate in my own ways, notice and pick up on the little things that define me, stop being fond of myself entirely. While the latter is unimaginable to me at present, I brought it up and, in doing so, fathomed it further into reality.

Even the greatest of towers topple. Change is good and natural, but some things are crucial to who you are, pillars that hold up the ego. I do not want these marble pillars replaced with wooden poles, modern steel columns, or dense obsidian monoliths. I wish for them to remain as they are, with all their unique carvings and shapes, for that is what makes up the me of now, and that is who needs to persevere. Over the years, much like myself, many will drop by and chisel something out, and that is fine, but that alone.

Distorsion

Shall I shout? I don't think I could say for sure, but I also don't feel the need to, so I guess I shouldn't. Then why did I feel about it? Over the past handful of 'conscious' years, I've had a feeling that my course has been nothing but detrimental. Nothing's been done to prevent this because the side effects haven't quite shown themselves, but it's not hard to pick up on. It feels like my gut is so full of screeches and shrieks that it all somehow drowns each other out to the point where it's sickeningly hollow.

And I love every second of it.

I don't know, given the opportunity, I ought to madden. The resources and facilities that require such an outcome naturally arise within my desires and are something to be eventually achieved. Each time I dabble in forbidden practices —

forbidden due to their impactful capabilities — I find myself wondering if I'll walk away the same person I was when walking in. Despite knowing what to expect or having done it before, it still makes me question whether or not this time will be a decisive one, whether I'll have any say. Will my integrity crumble under the relentless forces I myself muster against me? The so-called 'forbidden' experiences are only so, for the most part, verily lacking.

Eye for an Eye

I believe in revenge; what's more, I don't recognise blind vengeance as adequate — instead, something akin to a premeditated and fair strike is plenty. I wish I could muster the strength to carry out the actions I speak of, for as things stand, I realise that in my life I've mostly been the one to forgive after being hurt, or, in very few instances, a fool who chose blind wrath instead.

We may forgive for two reasons: either we understand that the damage we sustained can be mitigated, and that spending additional resources to inflict pain on the aggressor would be fruitless — or we have a deeper comprehension of the collateral and how it works within its context, ultimately choosing to be the 'bigger' person. Then, some people are traumatised enough by an experience and pretend to forgive in an attempt to disguise their weakness.

But, you sit before me with excellent posture, the purest of demeanours, and the most eloquent of voices to tell me that if somebody disrespects you or takes advantage of you, you aren't able to enact retribution, if not eliminate them from your life entirely, and instead you're ready to take it? In hopes that they will understand their wrongdoings? And when will

that happen? Years down the line, surely, maybe even never, if the wrong kind of people, the wrong spaces surround them. I understand, however, it isn't always the best course of action; it is hardly conceivable for somebody to exert a shape of evil that would compel us to assume that that attribute of theirs is inherent. Something triggers it, and often it's something both temporary and recent, something that maybe they can deal with if you don't fuel their blaze.

All that said, what's in the past, sure might be so, yet that doesn't change your ability to scar their present — if it is a necessity — as that'll also fade away.

Ambition

I wish to meet someone whose eyes sparkle when they speak. I've never had the chance to, and as I myself amn't one to be enthusiastic, it is oh so desirable. Naturally, it would be greater if their goals aligned with mine so that I may find myself unwilling to struggle as I assist them on their way to achievement.

As their ligaments rapidly decompose and their organs fall onto one another, their very fibres of being begin to tear themselves apart. They walk along the path, nay, sprint around it, always keeping it in their sights. Extraordinary as they come, so few manage to persist in the face of the internal rot and peril that only ever strives to escape through their eye sockets.

It is near immaculate, and yet they find themselves barreling forward as if entirely unbothered, so unbothered in fact that you may start doubting their mortality.

Perhaps, all these obstructions you've thought up for them serve but as metaphors to your otherwise degraded and abject existence. You're leagues apart, and you haven't even grasped the very nature of this race, much less ignited your drive to mimic.

With the power to withstand a thousand heatwaves, they pave their paths. Their foresight allowing them to branch so extensively that the secondary organism becomes the main one. The endurance creeping, oozing out of their orifices, is far from viable — though pay mind, for people of lesser values will flock to it like aerial rodents. Their flesh, effervescent; I could stare at it all day, enchanted.

That wicked mesmer needn't even lift a finger to entrance me; I'm here for it. Pull me apart like a marionette being discarded by its puppeteer right after being brought to life, because the townsfolk complaineth: 'Horrors visited our children's dreams after your performance!'

Beyond the Scope

It always feels like there should be something more. I couldn't say what more could be, though. And I'm not talking post-mortem — just in general. No greater, incomprehensible entity nor anything of the sort, just some more depth. I'd call you a fool, of course, if you pushed any illogical agendas onto me; there's obviously only one answer to everything, from a scientific standpoint anyway. We became too intelligent a creature for our own good, and the wiser we become, the less room for doubt there is, which is already evident by how far we've treaded.

Undisturbed.

Atop a tower I lay, my sunburned shoulders colliding with the cold of the brick floor. I try to gaze out the window and get a better look at the starry sky, but I'm not quite within line of sight.

I scoot over. The sky's the same as tomorrow, everything's changed. Agonising, ineffable thoughts strain. I'm not in pain because I am unable to be in a place of pain; I want to, though. I thought I was at this tower, looking upwards at the moon and the stars shining ever so brightly, but I lied, I was lied to, lie-living.

A cloud meets a butterfly:

How?

I don't know. I must have disassociated, and here I am.

What now?

Well...

...

I am okay. I'm going to stay here for a bit, if that's okay with you.

Sure.

The butterfly overstayed its welcome. The cloud was too vast to remember, the fly too frail to remain. Soon enough, the universe itself had forgotten this entirely.

But I remember, for what it's worth, I can remember. I don't think the butterfly cared for it; the cloud certainly didn't. But I want to remember, for the sake of... being.

Anguish-fueled Inaction

Aeons drift away each time you try to go through the process again. It all tears you down at a steady pace, for even if you didn't lift a finger, something else would've crippled you until you were left choiceless. So, you try the ignition again, turn the dials — some broken, others rusty. A few almost shine from how new they are, above each of them, their respective purpose is written, in a language unbeknownst to you. They don't even differ in shape or size; there's nothing to tell them apart.

There are a few hundred dials, levers and buttons too. One of these, actually, will cause a spontaneous implosion, you know that. It's all a blur, but you were given a manual at some point, though funnily enough, the manual you were shown was for a different apparatus, but some parts looked like they made sense, so you took it for granted.

Speaking of... what are you even inside of? The exit hatch is inaccessible, so there's no way to know where you're going, if you're going — if you are. But go nevertheless, with my blessing.

Pretender

You sicken me, you worthless tarp onto which faith is spilt. Your innate ability to wrench my guts is something detestable. Stay away from me, the farther the better. Had I but one wish to grant, I'd grant that which every sea shell, stone and even speck of sand desires, and that is to rid you from the face of this earth. It is honestly remarkable how long you've lasted, your knees no doubt aggressively shaking, trying not to buckle under all this hatred felt towards you. Don't you see? Is it not evident that a being such as yourself has absolutely no

business even thinking? Absolutely pathetic you are, I bet even the rustiest of swords would find it abhorrent to be sheathed in you if you were to be its scabbard.

With your time, you've done nothing but create insurmountable mountains of disappointment and regret. You are swine, you're urged to regress to when you haven't even left upwards of a thousand imprints — and even then, you're doomed to be the sole thorn in the bull's back. The sheer scale of just how much you displease me could not ever be calculated, even with the help of a thousand serfs.

And despite all of this, despite you being the living, breathing definition of disrelish and loathing, I love you all the same.

Your inability to always be up to standard is okay; your acceptance of situations that most would be alarmed by is okay; your wants and needs that meet mine at the final intersection are, okay. I could spot whatever you wish for most in those eyes of yours; it matters not whether they're bland to an unfamiliar beholder — what matters is that which I can unravel if you just let me gaze into them for a bit longer.

I alone will try to honour you.

Present in Hindsight

What a tremendous pleasure it was to witness a scientific breakthrough. In our day and age, such cog-turning occurrences are few and far between, absolutely marvellous. Everything around me could be tenfold as great as what I believe to be the peak.

Engaging every single day with my inner self in copious amounts of dialogue and silence, and everything in between, tears apart the very being from within, haunting the expressions swayed my way and seeing what it truly must feel like to be an absolute negation.

The imperfections in creations lie beside me as I am unable to keep up with my very self and with the last few breaths to be taken on this table, I rest my head trying to listen in, tune in... into the same construct of reality.

I am capable.

Tests always prove so. They give satisfactory results. It may be that my capabilities should be honed; in that case, I only wish for a whetstone sturdy enough. But I do not know how to even operate one to begin with, and standing before me is an extraordinary blacksmith, one who's smelted thousands of swords, his fingertips harder than steel. He only sees his smithy and the objects it handles; he peers right through me. He's heard of me, and maybe even gazed my way once or twice, but that's about it. While he works, it's as if I don't exist, nor does anybody else. And that, is addictive, at worst. Don't get me wrong, it is painstaking to idly lean against the beams of his workshop, doing much of nothing — and the first thought that pops up is not to distract so that I don't interrupt. I imagine anyway. It is by far of much greater appropriateness to surrender such thoughts and simply let his work engulf you; setting pride aside can be the most prideful thing you can do, and having done so, it nought but propels you to the upper echelons of thought.

Leap Year

I live off the high of very scarce, minute and inconsistent surges. Trying to extract even the smallest part of my potential and, in some shape or form, process it, best I can, let it out into the world — is a bit daunting. For what it's worth, ambition's steering this ship. Ambition for something abstract. I am unqualified to express or even put correctly in order the disarray of quality within me. Every waking moment tugs at my sleeve, urging me to slip off the platform into the abyss, occasionally so suffocating that the indistinct pegasi descending onto the acacia floorboards do so without the slightest creak; it is horrifying.

Expression on many fronts is deeply troubling. If you are privileged enough to recognise the problem, if it is such in the first place, then you must be able to work towards its salvation. Naturally, that can hardly be said of many matters — yet I daresay, that even amongst those who are in such strenuous predicaments, there are still few who feel change can occur, and work towards it — those, I adore. However, when it comes to personal problems, it really seems to be entirely another pot-o-rot with them often having a very obscure solution. One may rest their eyes one final time without ever resolving their piles atop piles of conundrums.

At the same time, there is the issue of not being able to deal with your troubles, which someone else can assist with in a matter of moments, vice versa. Let us set aside the fact that finding the right person who can, contentedly enough, offer aid is a hurdle of grand stature; many may only be able to provide some assistance, or, worse still, may give something disguised as such, yet harbouring malice instead.

I once told my mother that home no longer felt like it. It wasn't an unprompted statement, she did ask, herself. I sometimes wonder if that was hurtful, that and some other things I may not be as aware of since I've expressed the sentiment consistently in the buildup to my timely departure. Not that it takes guts or decisiveness to bring something like this up, it just isn't something to do, even if you hurt your parents, they'll never significantly reciprocate. All parents love their kin, though some show it by stubbing out cigarettes on their skin.

Relentless

It feels as if I can only undertake so many expeditions. I lack both the physical and non resources to accomplish my goals, which aren't even established. To discern the workings of this Ineffability, a plethora of things must be accomplished that haven't even been set in motion. Let alone figuring out the current process, there isn't exactly anything specific to do in the first place. It's like having to dissect a body, but having to first forge the scalpel yourself, except that you don't know that you need a scalpel, you only know that you need some sharp object of which there are many. Oh, and the body to be dissected is yours, good luck with anaesthesia.

Being in deep waters with no purpose in sight, there's land just behind you, perhaps a two-minute swim, even though every time you set out, it feels like you swam for hours. You keep getting tired and returning to land because you lack the commitment to perish in the waters. 'Wouldn't that be counterproductive, though?' — you ask yourself as you go through your options. Maybe it would.

You've tried swimming plenty of times, and some irregular forces prevent you from descending past a certain metre threshold. It is very orderly, and it makes you doubt yourself and what you're doing.

The depth I can achieve single-handedly is equivalent to a fly launching itself at full speed into a glass of water. I like to believe it's more; I hope that, in some of my mediocre bursts of thinking, I've managed to answer questions not even set. I want to feel validated by myself, and I am, but, naturally, I realise there's so much yet to comprehend. Everything as it stands today is centred around the successful understanding and debunking of this highly versatile and beautiful web of concepts that nobody has given enough thought to. Not the most intricate and wise men and women of honour, not the most deranged souls lost to the maw before fruition, nobody. This is what I, at least, am in pursuit of. It's something I have no idea how to tread towards, and I'm yearning to be led by some phenomenon. It is something that I've entirely accepted will haunt me until my last days and will be embraced by me once I lie inside my tomb of awe.

I may only violently contort my cranium in an attempt to readjust the brain within it to alter my degeneration, something betrayed by the state of my being. The body is a liability; it is susceptible to nature's punishments and its very own biological flaws. We haven't become unkillable, and whilst I care for my body, there are still things hardly under my control; these things naturally hinder the process of cracking. Putting my brain in a jar of suspiciously fluorescent green liquid sounds more appealing with each day's dawn.

The individual is at the very tip of this monstrous sphere blanket. Each corner of the blanket represents the subject's inconsistent, radical changes, alongside their inability to achieve a coherent state. Tugging hard at all corners both helps stabilise the person and creates minuscule tears in the fabric, which will eventually lead to degradation. The best course of action is to hope your weave endures everything long enough, so that whatever falls onto it lands swiftly and comfortably.

It is entirely up to you whether or not, afterwards, you dispose of what fell and wait for the next or wrap it up and stroll off. Another attempt at getting somewhere.

Gruesome, tiresome.

Serenity

Serenity represents the finale.

It surpasses all other faces and stands as the pinnacle of incomprehensibility. It serves as the key to the town, where the saloon has its stage, and the drunkards have already been thrown out back. It gives way to a controlled environment where the unconscious snail doesn't have to be run over by a semi with a sleepy driver going cross-country.

It builds the fundamental workstations for those eager to seek out and experience dissatisfaction, and, finally, facilitates everything anyone could ever need without doing the slightest thing more.

Captivating melodies drift over the rocky ridges of the mountainside, reaching the dead end and unable to climb to

the peak; you find yourself overlooking your friend's coastal town and its enormous lighthouse. The vast ocean spans across the other half of the horizon, contrasting the pine forests stretching across for miles opposite. Your friend's playing their acoustic soothingly. You join them. There isn't really anywhere comfortable to sit; there never was, but the guitar does a good enough job of balancing that out. Your phone's always on vibrate, so you miss a call.

Sun's setting. It'll be a while until dusk's over, and it's still quite hot from all the scorching earlier, though the brewing winds brought by the seas do plenty-o-good a job at keeping those unbearable heat waves at bay. Illuminated by the fading rays, your friend looks just as majestic as the music is. She hums occasionally, but not too much.

He's insecure and manipulative.
Mm.

And every time I try to address it, he brings up my mistakes
instead.
Yeah.

Just yesterday, he said I shouldn't even get in touch with you
because when I do, I feel different.
Do you want me just to hear you out, or offer solutions?
That's what you said last winter.

...

The moon showed up all of a sudden; the sun was still around, but it was visible, just barely. It's just the least bit amusing how it does that. Your friend stopped playing the guitar already; it almost seemed as if her hands grew abruptly weary. The waves picked up.

Yeah, do you remember the whole thing?
If I recognise the irreparable, then I should respect myself and
move on; if I love him nevertheless, then I ought to try to
mend it.

You settled on the latter. Do you still think that way?
No.

Don't go back on your word then, if not for me, then for you,
you'd only be disrespecting yourself again.

Thwart

I'm privileged enough to spend my waking moments often
blankly, not thinking about anything in particular and just
staring at a piece of furniture or the like, soaking it all in. This
is something I'd make a deal with the devil to have more of.
I've not been faced with my mortality yet, but I am not
looking forward to it either.

Humanity is a fragile concept. What does it take to be human?
How much role does morality play in it, and what makes me
different from the most righteous? Does systemic and abiding
composition of oneself and their creations grant them a seat
amongst the fulfilled? Well, I couldn't say that speaks for me,
so does the complete opposite represent what I want? Non-
conforming lifestyles filled with pursuits unintelligible? I don't
believe that falls into the fray either.

So, does being human encompass it all unconditionally? No,
of course not, the most diabolical person couldn't be
compared to a newborn child, according to the greater rabble
whereto we belong.

People change, so shall I — nobody can say whether the me in
5 years will fondly look back on the me now, or whether the

person who goes to sleep tonight will be proud of the dreams he has for his future self. Whether or not I like myself now and will still like myself years from now — is another question entirely; for the record, I believe I will, and that is nought but a concerning fact.

Being unable to see the wrongdoings in your way of life, or worse yet, having them be blurry and indistinguishable as they blend into your present conduct, is not desirable.

The consensus is that perfection doesn't exist, in which case, I shouldn't either.

My chair leans noticeably to the right, and it's pretty uncomfortable, which might be worsening my scoliosis. Each day, I come across a person who deserves infinitely more for the amount of effort and diligence they have, and continue to, put into almost everything they do.

I am unable to provide them with it all. I no longer believe it is my duty to provide anybody with anything. I don't know whose it is, though; the person who would ideally be in charge of it is evidently... incapable of accomplishing the task. Unless I eventually gain enough assets and perhaps become more selfless in some regards, these people might meet their untimely demise with no bargaining chips. And they say the reaper enjoys locker room talk.

Freshwater Lagoon

I've long since fallen in love with this attempt of mine, however futile it may be, to toss my brains against some pieces of papyrus and hope something sticks, everything drippy. Solving an unsolvable puzzle that isn't there is just about as fun as it sounds: extremely. I don't believe I'll reach anything, not fifteen pages in, not a hundred.

Do I still enjoy the journey even if the destination is unclear? Of course, that's literally the whole point, and even though I sometimes envy goal-oriented individuals, I realise they could never embark on an adventure like this.

Often, the fog gets so thick that it's hard even to take just one step, let alone know if you're walking back the way you came or not. But when you take that step, nay that leap and realise that you've not thrust yourself against a sharp branch or off a ravine but simply landed inside a mushy marsh or leaned onto some sticky tree sap, you understand that there's so much more to this than succumbing to the fear of the unknown or idly awaiting somebody to steer you true.

Dreaded Destiny

Roaches are awfully resilient... It's said that those of us, not the roaches, who are destined to do something in particular, whether that's great things or oddly specific ones, will persevere and push through all sorts of obstacles to accomplish feats which they aren't even fully aware of. Of course, that would imply that whoever wants to believe in such a fact also subscribes to the concept of predetermined fate. Now I'm pretty opposed to that; therefore, the former about destined individuals isn't up my alley either. Case closed. Well, as with most things, there unfortunately is much more to account for. A person is dealt a hand of cards at the start of life, and throughout they gain and lose a few more; it is more often than not a matter of interacting with the deck itself rather than other players. Those hands that hold the hand they're dealt may have sensitive skin or a chipped nail, two. They may be shaking from the cold or burning up in the sun, brushing away insects, or forced to carry extra weight; honestly, one hand may very well be prosthetic.

It pains me plenty to have to admit that an unfathomable amount of what I expect myself only to call genius has never seen the light of day due to certain ordinary circumstances. Beyond complex variables like famine or war, generational shifts like a code of conduct have also greatly hindered the emergence of such flames. We are lazy, preoccupied with trivial, insignificant matters, and worried about things we should be ashamed to be worried about.

I am lazy, preoccupied with trivial issues, and concerned with things I should be ashamed to be thinking about. That is right. I do consider myself some brilliant flare, at one stage of its ignition.

I hold myself to that standard; I embrace the idea of burning bright enough to blind, yet capable of dimming in an instant.

Disparity

Of all the things that cross my mind with each passing minute, only a few ever manifest themselves in the tips of my fingers. In yesterday's shower, I thought about something. Was it something profound? Not necessarily, though it wasn't anything dismissible, either, and well, I can't recall.

There are days when dawn and dusk forget to greet each other. On days like these, I find it hard to stick by my principles and to believe that I can will things into existence. On days like these, I falter and even succumb to carnal desires, doubting their covert implications.

I know that all which is done post-factum to make amends will mean absolutely nothing, for in my own eyes, the prior deeds are irredeemable. I failed to be patient and kind to a

being who didn't understand its wrongdoings; it is too early for it to know, and I expect too much of it without providing the appropriate guidance.

I must try harder. I live but one more day and bear witness yet again to another being upset with their own inability to understand what it is that frustrates them so.

Heartstroke

Simultaneously, however, I'm nothing but giddy over my capabilities. Being inspired and impressed comes through as easily as a breeze through the valley. And more often than not, that shove is enough to ignore all discomfort and channel my entirety into what I want to speak about. The pace at which I walk along the charred remains changes at a moment's notice, yet it keeps on.

I'm not at liberty to discuss this, even in my own head, out of respect for my pride and my amour propre, but I believe that grand things are not linear.

Love, love is full of mishaps. It's when you throw away everything you've known about yourself and feel as if you have to rediscover what it means to be you — whether you're in front of your person or not. It's when, without even acknowledging it, you have enough motivation to write off tasks as unaccomplishable. When trivial, valueless things stop intruding into your mind, when impressions of others lose half of their matter and when you don't even begin to imagine any alternative to your person — it's viewing all of the above and thinking: 'My god, this person hasn't got a proper grip on what it really means!'; because for you, it's really numerous other things in comparison.

And it is when, after a long time of it being over, you can fondly look back and notice the pleasant aftertaste.

Despite how it all ended, despite the rough patches along the way and the disappointments in one's own self — everything turned out just all right. As long as we're alive, nothing is a big deal.

Love, is walking away, knowing what's good for you, and plunging into the unknown. It is being vulnerable when you're unsure whether to be so, but only when you absolutely need to, because love is something that can make you weak and frail. It can teach you to hastily condition your opinions and beliefs to suit your own deluded tastes.

It is a decayed tree trunk launched straight through your torso at such velocity that shredding you apart as a consequence would be a significant understatement. It is resentment and every imaginable negative emotion that accompanies it, and it is coming to an understanding. Love is not being in the right state of mind to speak; wanting to anyway. It's realising that the hopeless romantic that once was within you has long departed, and what's left now is but a pathetic excuse, someone saying that they're trying to grasp without lifting a finger.

Pitstop

To the Ineffable, I am sinful.

I'm not here to confess nor to accept punishment because to be as such is a relative factor. As of right now, I perhaps am no longer, and the only one who may decide on that for sure is me. So, dismiss your wrath, your fury, and toss yourself off a

ledge, seeing the concrete at the bottom having brought you solace that the void wouldn't. Total yourself knowingly, because you do not deserve to stand next to me. It is less than immaculate creatures like you that bring down the ceiling. There is no reason to choke yourself out over foreign thoughts infiltrating your mind, for much like a child would know no wrong in causing pain, you too should realise the inconceivability of thorns appearing on the stem of a liquid rose. It's a skinny line, almost like a skipping rope and how one would carelessly hop over it. This line I'm mentioning, it's one that's paved across the indescribable and not.

It's one I have been having a hard time stepping on, because you need to step on it with both feet; otherwise, you might get stuck. There's this heavy mist hovering everywhere; it's so heavy it actually weighs me down. Occasionally, for no reason, or for one, I walk away from the line and get lost for a little. Eventually, the line finds me again. Lately, however, this line has been getting quite opaque. And as of late, I get afraid I'll never see it in the event of me choosing adventure — but choosing the latter must be our reason for.

This line lies to divide... mundanity and madness. I fail to see why I should at all times portray everything in a much grander manner than what it actually is, so yes, mundanity and madness. Neither should be seen as an untimely, anticlimactic wrap-up to a journey, but many, including me, view them as such — and I consider one much more appealing than the other. That said, it isn't rational to go with either. So, what could be done? This sudden spike in anxiety relative to the loss of choice is unprecedented and unaccounted for, so a way out isn't feasible. I... couldn't say. My temporary solution is to try endeavouring anew, not taking routes that are conformist or detrimental, but barely charted ones, with the possibility of

much. Through this, there is a greater risk of tumbling over and losing the line, but hopefully, if and when that happens, I realise soon enough that I am both directionally able and close enough to reach out and feel for it with confidence.

不安之蛾

Hey.

Hello?

Isn't it weird how, no matter what I go ahead and say to you, our lives now have altered their course purely because of this interaction and our knowing of each other?

What? Well, I don't think so. I see you around here and there already, so I've known of you just as much beforehand as I do now. And, we meet a lot of people these days because of what we do, so our meeting won't change who we are.

You think that? I want to think otherwise; to begin with, this conversation is unique. Who else have you ever spoken to for the first time on such a meaningful level?

Well, I don't think that matters much either. I don't recall any other first interactions with people vividly, and I doubt this will be an exception to my standard memory.

You can decide that, though.

I'm deciding to be indecisive, let my brain do the customary procedure.

I am deciding otherwise. My will will be imposed upon you and your indecisive brain; thus, the steering of this meeting's outcome will be in my hands.

And what plan do you have?

I don't know.

...

It isn't like I'm overly passionate about this, if at all, for that matter. So, the coordination between us both seems necessary.

Yeah, but I'm a firm believer in things like... Distance making the heart grow fonder — time a key factor in strengthening the bond. Those, make acting directly counterintuitive.

Yeah. Yeah, that's something I believe in too. So hey. It's a good second step, you coming up to me. Maybe a year or two down the line, we'll be inseparable. For now, however, we'll have to endure the test of wear.

Mmm.

...

Is that really all there is to it, though? I denounce this linear path as the only one. I've never had a relationship with someone, no matter who it was, that was pleasant if we were at each other's side far more than necessary.

Sure, but how much is necessary? And who's to say that it can't ever happen?

Well...

Are you open to it?

No.

Bloodied Paper Pike

You snap out of your trance. The first thing you do is instinctively lick your top lip, it's dry. You're walking somewhere, but you can't really remember why; it feels like you have to. You step into a long puddle that could've been avoided. The water rises just above the soles of your shoes; it isn't enough to make your feet wet, but it's enough to make you think they are. By the time you reach the end of this puddle, you notice how awfully reflective it seems to be; there's something within. A field of flowers, all different and equally desirable, this is a bit overwhelming. A speaker turns on, and you're compelled to listen; you look up towards it, sitting there on the wall, making fun of you.

Back in the puddle, the field is no more, and your heart has skipped a few beats. You've never before felt loss much like this. You desperately yet with certain futility try to understand how to get back into that moment. Next, your body gives, and you're on your way to a date with the muddied cement.

Thrill of the Hunt

The excitement when you realise, before anyone else, that a person is pacing towards definitude after confiding in you, as you offer them shelter and reassurance, so that you place and tighten a leash on this beast, is something extraordinary. On the way to the slaughter, they shriek and seethe and agonise over not having the foresight to secure a comfortable keep in the fiery pits of Tartarus, once the cultivated lifetime of menace is violently unleashed upon their very essence. From within every orifice of theirs erupts the embodiment of anguish and wretchedness incarnate as they convulse and whine.

It's when you drive through a street of a dimly lit town in the middle of the night and take the exit onto a road with no lights. When it sets in that your relationships are like wine, tamper with them too much, and they'll go bad, the only way for them to be worth their while is for them to be left alone for a time. It's when the serene chaos speaks up, and the chants reverberate within the inner sanctum, shedding ever so gradually the skin of the aeons, but still being unable to realise the dream. You go about another day, another week and month, happily destined to seize — all the while playing at those who can't find comfort in miracles.

Right Place, Wrong Time

An unexpectedly fierce fire was born out of a flake of molten adamantium, striking the ground. I want to write about it, I've talked and thought about it, but now I want to engrave it. Whenever I heard her voice, I immediately looked around for the source. Whenever we made eye contact, we would trade gentle smiles and oh, how many times I tried to pick up her scent in a crowd. Ever since I first saw her and really got a look at her while we were spending time as strangers in a group, it felt like she had something I'd been looking for, and for me, that meant a lot, even if I couldn't say precisely what. High standards breed higher uncertainty.

She was beautiful from top to bottom, and it was a pleasure to admire her; I couldn't even imagine where it would all lead. It's heartwarming looking back on it now, mainly because, to my grand surprise, it was mutual. We were magnetic, so we often found ourselves nearby. I vividly remember an activity where we had to look at the floor, then, at the count of three, lock eyes with someone we wanted on our team. While I dared to look her in the eyes, hoping she would too, she, in fact, shared those intentions — though she caught me looking away immediately after, because I lost conviction. It's been a while since I felt like a kid again.

We found downtime everywhere, breaks here and there were frequent, and we often chatted during them both by ourselves and in the company of others, which I believe is vital — seeing how another behaves in a social setting. She was into movies, was really kind, sweet and understanding. Even when she found it hard to enjoy conversation, she still made others feel comfortable. She enjoyed dancing, and she was good at it.

On our last day together, I noticed her singing as we worked on something, but I didn't say anything and just enjoyed the moment. I picked up on the chorus and hummed it; she was happy about that.

Her shoulder-length, fine hair was always gorgeous, and she wore it in a sharp bun with some crazy-good bangs. Her eyes were incredibly expressive, and she absolutely knew all they were offering; her smile was contagious, and her ears turned red when she was embarrassed. Her hands were cold, but her neck was warm, soft and frail; generally, her constitution implored me to grab hold of her and never let go, so that she remains unharmed. Tall and athletic, never complained about any physical hurdles and never once showed fear or weakness, jumping into cold water or braving the summer heat. All she wore was a compliment.

She studied animals and worked with them too. She was thrilled to see cats and always wanted to pet them. They were spoiled rotten, usually, so they wouldn't let themselves be petted, but she always tried. Creative and a good listener, though never shying away from speaking herself. One windy night, we were looking up at the sky and pointing out the shapes of clouds. I was asking her questions, she was answering — bliss can even take form in the movement of lips.

It's funny, I thought about how... Well, putting it into words might give a sour aftertaste, but I'll do it anyway. Thinking about how unnaturally natural and organic everything was this time around, it feels more like a really sturdy oil lantern instead of some elaborate giant pyre burning with the purpose of extinguishment. Slow, gentle, and smooth, it resides deep in the crevice of my chest, fueling me across all sorts of fronts to

pursue greater achievements, to maintain the shell around it and shelter it from any sudden winds. No breeze, no snowstorm will snuff it out because to me, it means.

The Rattle

I was in a mood of devastation, desperation and tragedy while writing this, but maybe it isn't all about that. Now I'm sitting alone at a night full of expectations, low in regrets and riddled with tranquillity. A smooth tune heard from outside the window, and my wrists are tired, my feet jittery. Forcing wrath to surface from within is a delicate process. You cannot yank it out; it will be impure. Call upon it at first, only then you should lure it out with a promise, and finally whisk it away in one fell swoop.

It just isn't fair, how you manage to nag, then gag and trample all over my wishes and desires. Unknowingly to you, you carry yourself in a manner that hints at your deceptive nature. You aren't misinformed, nor do you know much; instead, it feels like you think you know all there is to know — more than I will ever know. I don't believe in you, but you put all your faith in me. And often I forget about it all. I see through me and wait for rain, I wait for it and then the cold.

It isn't with a point that I await, however, for I know that neither the cold nor the rain will bring about consolation. But I like to imagine they will, and once they come around, I won't be disappointed; I'll be back to seeking soon enough.

Vessel, Husk

...

...

Say something.

Something.
Don't be difficult, please.
Oh, since when do you have manners?
I've always had them; you just didn't care to notice.
You don't care to do anything.
Ayup.

...

This is tragic.
It's because you're making it out to be so.
Alas, do you have a remedy?

I do not.
So what are we to do, my good sir? Oh my, oh me! Please, I cannot stand this much longer. It is absolutely bewildering to me how you find your home in such an awful dominion, and if you would, please let me begin describing all the faults in this!

You may not!
Okay!
It isn't awful, there are so many beauties, they are just... very hard to see, especially when the whole world keeps telling you that you are lying to and suffocating only yourself.

We need to stop talking for a while. When we speak, things break.
They do. I think I'm starting to figure it out, to be honest with you. It probably has something to do with us overengaging with it all; as you've said, we best lie when we marinate in our own unique concoctions.

The special brew!
The very same!
But there are people out there who need us.
They can get by without us.

But don't we need them?
Instead, do they truly need us?
A select few do, but it isn't viable to always keep an eye out.
Futility is the quintessential stage.
There's always more to it.
You're no longer a part of me.
That's okay. I can go on alone.

...

Are you gone?

At least say goodbye.

Rise to Grace

I had the displeasure of walking through a stampede today. Echoes reverberated throughout: lack of love, time, purpose. My glass brewing station just cracked under the intense heat of the water infused by the herbs inside. I finished reading an article a few hours ago and did not approach it purposefully; reading it was meaningless. As I was walking through these people, a head above them all in height, a hundred in ravishment, I couldn't help but ask myself once more what it was that existed and did not.

The thinning thread of web and toil intoxicated the endoskeleton of the glistening brewery, the light shone through it and the herbs, painting patterns never seen before and ones that shall never be seen again. The words on the page eluded me; whether it was because my body wanted to rest, because I couldn't comprehend them, or because I lacked intelligence — I couldn't say.

With all due respect to the arch of the gateways, why must it all come to a halt before the supper, and why must the supper be so sublime yet unreachable? To what do we owe this forced-onto-us state of lament?

The late women lodged inside the walls spoke of this before; I didn't care to listen much at first, however, I now know I should have. They said to heed their few phrases with the utmost care one could ever hope to express, to use this pinnacle of wariness to digest what they were preaching correctly.

They mentioned waterfalls and eruptions of plasma, jungles and deserts, but ones that collided, oases and cacti tied up with the most durable of vines.

The parrots, the weasels and the wild boars squealed and chirped and violently shook to hasten the fall of man. The women said to me: 'Hast thou ever rectified the wrongdoings of a sledge?'.

Every night, I go to sleep letting all they said consume my subconscious like termites feasting on fresh spruce wood. The itch at the back of my throat reappears with the wake of every single dawn, someone scratches against the grain — nay, it is something, the scratching is incessant and still, it is not noticeable, but the indents that the raptor-like nails leave behind after the first hour of consistent chafing...

I feel them when I inhale, and the wind travels down my oesophagus; the breeze caressing these wounds. You rich sack of grain, to cut you up would be to eliminate the very essence of it all, to leave you be, would mean eliminating me, we are at a standstill, and we're both aware of it. Be damned, you, sacrilegious, litigious and impasse-inducing troglodyte, you make me sick.

Toss yourself out of the cave, into the light, and let the fleshy, scaly skin you've grown disintegrate under the overreaching rays of the almighty sun.

Shiv Through My Chest

I seldom live for others, though extraordinary individuals appear once every half a decade or so, and my purpose adjusts to meet their needs. Naturally, this dramatically increases the chance of it all combusting and returning to the starting point,

or somewhere. The more acceptable reason for my existence is to wish for myself experiences, learn new things, and embark wherever. This, as an objective, is inherently finite, joyful, and sickening. Though I believe this sickness is imagined and manifested by the current social order, it is ethereal and immaterial; therefore, it isn't.

I live to counterbalance the blessings. These people, the environments and happenings, would they have been better off without my sinful pride impeding their essence and shifting the course of their destiny? I judge it so and find pleasure in my self-awareness of the matter. Curse-endowed remain the rotting logs along the stone brick path; the moss and moisture within them flourish. You speak through me as someone who isn't mentally capable of acknowledging the echoes of the present. Why do you do this to me? You must be seeing something I wouldn't ever see, no matter how hard I try, something I wouldn't ever be better off seeing for myself. You should be ashamed of yourself, but you won't ever even properly reflect on this for the arrival at such conclusion — and I, for one, surely won't let you know how to. So, we remain at this eternal impasse where you are you, and I am me, and unless I jeopardise myself for the likes of you, you'll remain filtered and saturated.

The near-molten steel brand is one that I carry the burden of inflicting when even the most durable of people desire a glacial one, a harmless one, and one that, frankly, isn't what it is all about. Someday — mark my words — I will pass on from your realm to such an extent that not even a semblance of my once being will be left, and all you will feel is a momentary wave of forlornness. And after such, you will be damned always to feel like something is amiss but never be able to quite place your finger on it — you mooncalf.

Arms: Eagerness'
Shutter,
Dismemberment to
Occur

Itchy Wound

Control the velocity of your arrow for it to pierce through the tan-brown body of an elk and manoeuvre its way into putting a sharp dent into its organs — but not actually rupturing them. The elk, over time, will heal with the arrow still inside of it, and given another one or two — and perhaps a surprise stake pit letting you use carnage as a brush and its animated carcass as a canvas, it will take the form of a battle-hardened living myth, folklore per se. As it recovers, the creature will have to learn a new way of walking, resting and fleeing, for every breath it takes will cause it immense pain. Then its job will be complete, as it passes away alone atop some mount on some non-particularly chilly winter.

I want you to find a traffic sign and place your chin right over it, as you would lean against a railing. I implore you, then, to repeatedly move back and forth along its x-axis until you saw your jaw off. Only then do you have the right to stare me down, you bloated candlelight.

I contemplated, do I write her a letter? Do I write whatever it is that is on my mind and use a thread and blunt needle to try and intertwine the tangled yet sturdier-than-all-else fabric of me with her pure, untainted soul, or should I instead stay within the confines of me and be reasonable? Reasonable means not self-sabotaging. I'm deciding to keep it together this time, not necessarily meaning that the next — I will amount to doing the same. Tonight I will lie down early, so that I may awaken before dawn and greet it. Tonight, I wish to spend time with myself, knowing that whether my mind stays silent or the echoes of Ineffability reverberate through its steel-like chamber walls, I will not budge.

Myriad of Hopelessness

I am in ruins, shambles.

How long must this vicious cycle last? Is it the cost of my greatness? I can find solace in believing that, but is that really the case? Today I have made a grave realisation: she shines. She shines brighter than anything I could ever look at, and so far, I've been looking at her simply through a lens of ignorance.

PLEASE, YOUR ROTTING HIGHNESS, I —

ANYTHING, NOT THIS TIME, I BEG OF YOU!

Please, I don't want it all to meet an untimely death because of my poverty, I don't want to hurt this person, I don't want to do anything. Must I employ detachment? It will hurt either way if I pursue them or don't, but it might hurt less like that.

The way her tone of voice changes when she ends her sentences. The way she gets excited when she talks about something — alien to me. The way she shows love and kindness to people, and the way they worship her in return. I could never. My worship consists of broken dreams and sorrow. The souls that cling to me are those lost; they see me as a guiding light before I dim the lantern, leaving them holding onto my mantle for dear life, so as not to get lost in the mist and devoured by the leech-men.

She is humble; I feign excellence too well.

She tries to understand, I tiptoe on superficialities.

Demoralisation she knows not. I let it swarm the masses, knowing I had raised the gates.

She aims high, wills others to do the same. I bounce around from ups to downs like a dysfunctional seesaw.

She aspires to be everything; I am a memorable instance.

Beauty is her, I am the mesmer.

While it wouldn't even be probable for me to ever even get on the right path towards whatever lies at the pinnacle, she paves her own.

There isn't an end for me, yet for her, end makes itself present.

She's the sound tiny bells make when shaken. I represent a rusty axe crashing through a soggy wooden log.

Slumber

I'm tired of going to sleep to silence it all. It is such an easy escape from madness that it almost feels unfair. What's keeping me from ascension? A couple of restless nights? When will I commit? And how much longer can I go on for, when it feels like every day the escape hatch opens sooner and sooner? When the corrosion all over the back of my hands melts its way into my bones, tingling them.

When I grow older, and peril says: 'Hello?', while kindly entering my hut, I'll greet it like old company.

Stories of Yore

I met an older gentleman by the seaside today. I buried him today, too. Visiting to check in with a good friend of mine has never been more exciting than today. I first found out that just one week after I departed from his residence, four months ago, he fell profoundly ill and in two months, he met his demise. He wasn't ever one to notify; he was a person you'd always spend the best of times with, but whenever you weren't in each other's line of sight, you would just disappear. Still, I had hoped he would reach out to me if things ever got dire and he needed help. He must have endured, right?

His family, relatively wealthy, owned a large residence with a garden hosting a plethora of attractions. Of them, the two wooden chairs by the cliffside were most memorable: underneath, violent waves would smash against the steep rocks yet inexplicably remain near-quiet. There, sat, we often spoke for hours on end, illuminated and warmed by the long-lasting sunsets and the breeze that always felt just right. This time, there in his stead, his grandfather. I walked up to him and offered my condolences. They had a great relationship, or so I've been told over the many times he spoke highly of this older gentleman. He was still quite spry, eagerly inviting me to join him in meditation. I obliged.

As mentioned, I already knew a great deal about this man of stature. It felt like I was a journal to him. At that moment, for the first time in forever, it wasn't I who mattered, as I sought to make use of every single word that came out of his mouth.

Thus, he spoke. He told me of his past in monologue, with no particular regard for an end in sight. Even though I am not able to, he spoke earnestly and with a sure glitter, recalling his years. He was a general, perhaps more; he left out some detail. All too many battles he took part in, all too little time he had left for anything else. In his prime, the state of the world was so volatile that his life was war, months on end. Stationed in different places just to experience death as some sick tourist attraction, before moving on to the next desire of his superiors' whims.

Other than being an excellent tactician, however, he was a dedicated lover. Ms Ghislaine. She'd taken her own life after the birth of my dear friend; was insane in her own right. This left him in a state beyond our comprehension, perhaps, one similar to which I may be familiar with and which tortures me

occasionally. He seemed to have been in this state for over two decades after she passed away. While warring, he had affairs to fill the gap; she did too. They fought, bonded, they were in the gutter and atop the very heavens, they lived. He would often write letters to her, letters about her to people close to her and letters to the press or associated actors speaking of how he protects the country and earns victory in her name and that name alone. He was insane in his own right.

He ordered me to shut my eyes and began describing the tangible ether, which, to him, represented perpetual glory and radiance. I heard him stepping away from me as he did so. And much too soon, he stopped talking at a time when he shouldn't have. It didn't take me more than a few seconds to open my eyes. I leaned over the edge of the cliff, unable to see anything, and promptly made my way back to the main house, informing everyone of what had transpired. Soon enough, during the hours of dusk, a search party returned with the old man's mangled remnants.

Noble Beggar

I happened upon a beggar on the streets the other day. Such was her look and demeanour that I stood intrigued by what she had to say — a fall from grace, torment beyond her control and no method in sight to mend the machine.

Having given her my time, I am not ashamed to admit that I was mesmerised by her eloquent, precise, and concise way of speaking. She leapt from one statement to the next like some acrobat. She did not compromise on the depth of her word to prioritise variety. She spoke of ambition, self-admiration, self-deprecation, and how pathetic it is.

She mentioned that she had overcome sloth and said that one owes it to oneself to reach the pinnacle of one's mountain range.

A man stood by me at the time. He leaned in closer, asking if what we're witnessing is some paranormal occurrence. 'How is it that she's of such profound mind and yet finds herself in the streets?'. Undeniably a well-made point. She must have let her excellence outshine others. In a room of predators, you have a hard time claiming to be the apex — better find other means of commandeering.

Hilarious

Oh, but of what foolish mind I am. Well, of course, everything that has, is, and will happen indicates so greatly either way, but oh, for it isn't for the bi-horns that I've never seen and the mischief that I've never gotten up to. I wanted to draw lines, boundaries with, perhaps, the greatest enemy I face throughout life — love, but it seems nought but certain now, that I'm almost doomed to keep failing. Sure, it is a core aspect of my character; it is part of what makes me authentic, and I find pleasure in it, yet the torment it puts me through is ever-present despite my positive outlook.

I had some thoughts about how moving onwards, as the one with whom I wish to be isn't at this given time accessible, I must be the bigger person between myself. Shove all my meaningless clutter into a crate alongside some cannon balls, throw it overboard and make sure it does not resurface.

But at that precious, nay, fundamental moment at the pier, on a stormy day no less, she showed. Why did she show? I couldn't approach her because the ship had just set its sails,

wind violently molesting them, driving my vessel quickly away from the harbour. I made her out, nevertheless, as she wore a beautiful beige dress; dresses always stood out particularly well on her. You could place her in a crowd with hundreds of other women wearing similar garments, and it would take me all about five seconds to spot her. She turned a corner alongside an older gentleman, both carrying small boxes with what appeared to be fruits or vegetables. I wasn't particularly focused on him. What I focused on instead were her eyes, her nose, her smile and cheekbones. The way her hair was all over the place as she frantically tried to keep a hold of the heavy load she carried with one hand and fix it with the other — the way she so elegantly caught herself from falling after stepping amiss.

I kept looking at her while the ship made sure that the distance between us grew. Soon enough, I could no longer see her; she was helping the locals close up shop, afraid the storm was worsening. And it did. And with heavy rain piercing the planks of the hull, the crew members shouting at the top of their lungs, and the captain's nerves of steel, we eventually breached that storm. The captain then spoke to me; he knew of my purpose there, and I was to work under a scholar in the town across the sea. He was, in all senses, a captain, built and imposing. He asked what troubled me, and I had decided to open up.

Not of my own volition, entirely mind you, he questioned why is it that I bottled things up, and I answered: 'Well, keeping it to myself will only cause me harm that I'm much too familiar with already; sharing it with you, however, might upset your stomach and impact the lives of all these men onboard your vessel'.

He said: ‘Sonny, try somethin’ new for a change’.

Captain Nadian, I’ll make sure to forget you. And I surely hope the things we spoke about you carry to your grave. And when you take your final breath, do so in the foetal position, holding close to your chest these words we’ve exchanged.

Pretentiousness

I was in great pain the night before. A pain temporarily remedied by sleep once more. I was battered with realisations of immaturity yet to be dealt with, and with unnecessary self-reinforcement, which cornered me into the jaws of death. This is the second time my love for someone has been validated enough for its steady growth to be inevitable, yet for that growth to enjoy no further facilitation. The host welcomed me, then went to tend to others, leaving me alone to figure things out. In most, if not all other situations, neglected by the host, my pride would’ve single-handedly yanked me by the collar out the door. Unfortunately, it seems like once more, love overpowered pride. Granted, that is a very good thing, but not when the love you desire to share is rudderless.

This is exceptionally exhausting. Exhausting enough for me to get goose bumps on my person, for me to have much difficulty articulating what it is that I want to get across, even with my innate ability to do just that. Then again, ‘articulate’ would, perhaps, be a grossly incorrect term; it should be closer to just ‘demonstrate’ or ‘exhibit’, like a showperson who perishes without disciples alongside his crafts, never to be understood or recreated.

Reflecting some more now, it was never up to me whether or not my feelings would come rushing in or be stable and tranquil. This stable yet dormant swelling is genuinely just

poison. Playing tug of war each day with my urge to toss my liabilities away is tough. It is easy for me not just to turn a page, but to switch to a different library entirely. It is also sometimes hard not to be ignoble when I'm already way on my way to losing to the former approach and catch that little something, which pulls me back. I need to pull back with strength, and in the process, I will kick up some dust.

However, I need to be considerate; maybe the fair lady, who occasionally comes in and reads across from me, will do so tomorrow, too. And if I don't show tomorrow, perhaps she will be upset for but a moment. And to prevent that one moment, my foolish self is willing to sacrifice an aeon.

Robust Paraphrasing

Love is the cure, they say, the cure to what? What am I sick with? And what other cure must I seek if I judge myself to be ill with love itself? A perennial state of burn is and has been constantly present throughout the latter years, and we've been through this, my dear paper stack; we've been through the fact that I desperately seek to adore and evolve in this pit of thick, liquid sand. However, it must be said that much like shining stars don't know when they'll start dimming, nuclear reactors have no idea when they'll melt.

There is this boundary I need to surpass, this limit I need to disregard. I won't even switch headlines for this thought process. I believe that to reach that somewhere, understand the Ineffable I've brought up several times already and find myself at a point where I can finally halt and be tranquil... I need to have enough conviction and be more straightforward with myself about what I actually want.

SO REALLY, WE GOT NOWHERE AGAIN! I'm — what do I channel this time? Misery or anger or anguish, and despair because of loss and disorientation? Or do I play in the hands of fatigue and exhaustion, picking my body parts apart until I'm fully dismantled as an exhibit at a museum? This was meant as an attempt at a dialogue with myself. And — it really has just been a back-and-forth between two brainless tortoises. Except that in actuality, there are some things I've come to realise. I don't desire much, but what I do, I have the right to. That right eases the attempt, though not the struggle. Be it glory or the forbidden.

I mean, do you have any idea how many times I've gone out to my balcony and stared at the common folk in the past hour alone?! Yes, it had just stopped raining heavily, and it's dusk, so the remaining clouds are beautifully illuminated, but that provides no rhyme or reason as to why an intelligent would do the same futile action over two dozen times! I'd rather get chewed up by a rabid raccoon or sleep inside an Arabian bungalow.

Demons

Gentlemen. I bid you good day.
Your heart's been lost for the greater part of the last decade,
you varlet.
I wouldn't like to be called that; pick out something else.
Defecated —
Why, that's literally worse.
As if WE would accommodate.
That's fair.
What have you learned on this path you've paved and trodden
all by your lonesome?

I'm afraid I've learned too much, to the point where I have long since been unable to distinguish what exactly it is that I am learning, and what exactly it is that I'm to still. Oh, but that's just the beauty you asked for, remember? You were gluttonous, and we provided a solutions: starvation... abstention and inability, all of which you've yet to surpass. You were lustful, and we TRIED to empower you with the right tools, the arsenal, the apparati for you to utilise and overcome these inherent sins. And for what? For you to, given the opportunity, go back to square one?

In a moment of hopelessness, I went back, yes... But I've since reached into my bag-o-plenty to feel for those very tools you've placed in it.

You're pathetic. We offer permanence. If you aren't able to show us conviction, then you don't have a place even in hell.

And what's left for you then? You certainly won't be welcomed in the heavens either. And there is no middle ground.

Why wouldn't the heavens take me? Never mind that, why isn't there a middle ground? Better yet, why are we speaking in this humane terminology?

It is because you just wouldn't understand otherwise.

Yes — I don't understand.

It is because this, he, she, and it are just an extension of you, which you'll go to the grave with. Whether right now or in fifty years, we're parts of you that you'll NEVER comprehend, and your incessant attempts at trying are quite bothersome... troubling even.

You aren't troubled for me, you're worried for yourselves; therefore, you are independent and not extensions.

You are the worst thing in this existence. We wouldn't even have been able to, had we truly had the chance, properly relay to you our thoughts and feelings about how detestable it is to be in your presence. It makes us want to vomit our organs out

and pressure wash them with scorching hot magma. It makes us desire to drown inside a barely held-together wooden barrel floating on the sea's surface, amid a storm, with moisture seeping into the planks, saltwater rusting the iron exoskeleton, and water filling the interior through a tiny hole. You need to be mauled alive to get even a hint of how you make people feel, and of the constant, unobstructed upper-echelon-belonging feeling you exude... YOU — YOU HAVE NO RIGHT.

Well. Y'know.

We are in pain because of you. You won't die, and you won't solve your sins. You cause us intense agony.

...

Sickening. And truly, you've done a great disservice as a species to the weight of words, throwing all sorts of adjectives around like they don't mean much. We mean this with every fibre of our being: You. Are. Loathsome. Right.

Miniature

Representation is a curse.

Your innermost accurate desires will never be represented satisfactorily, for it is a given that both the medium of said execution and your very self do not have a proper idea of what it is that they really are in the first place. And so, you often, subconsciously, attribute representation to your direct actions, which accumulate and amalgamate into a false image of yourself.

Durability

I refused to donate blood today. Through doing so, I consciously agreed that if I require blood in the future, and

nobody provides it, it will be fated and justified. I know I won't be content. However, I also know I won't spite my past self nor anybody else; I wouldn't care. So then, if I don't particularly care, then... Do I have the right to deny such an act with such an excuse?

The Allure of Curses

I am the biggest dunce, people! Do not pay a single ounce of mind to anything I have to say! I admire a man without home, making his way towards me up a ladder I lowered myself! I merely observed as he climbed into my house and plundered. Then the next day, bringing another adversary to accompany him!

I miss this, I miss myself. I have embarked on too many escapades, and I seek to end them all naturally, meaning that in the process, strains and arduity are unavoidable.

I ask, nay beg, for my own forgiveness and plead with myself to remain strong and agile — to avoid catastrophe, I know you can balance them all, but for the love of all that makes you worthy... Persevere.

On some days, I will travel a little further; travelling makes me susceptible to curses. These sirens, so enchanting, cripple me and leave me stranded. Yes, indeed, stranded is the calling; they do so knowing I won't signal for aid, but will heal my wounds and craft a raft to make it back by my lonesome.

How many times, however, will I be able to muster up enough strength to hit those nails with precision and tie those planks together firmly so that my vessel, my lifeline, doesn't flatline in the open waters?

Atmospheric Punishment

Strangers surround me; I've grown to appreciate them. The strangers are growing on me day by day: the best friends, the mafiosos, the insiders and ladder users. We are stuck on this deserted croft in the middle of the mudlands. Every time you go outside, the sky is gloomy, and small raindrops fall eternally. You may not wander far, for creatures and fog grow ever less transparent. And through it all, we are all fulfilled enough just to be sitting ducks on this here human farm. It is an enticing experience.

The belief is that expression through means is solely influenced by the subconscious state and by what has an effect. Naturally, though, disorienting places arise when you no longer experience life's depravity as you hope for and expect.

We did things we couldn't ever expect, or did not. It's up to the eye of the beholder, and whatever that may mean in any case and turn. At the end of it all, however, did nothing matter? Why would either of us or all of them have ever cared for things that we never ended up doing in the first place throughout that torturous week? Both the drinking, the cold nights and walks into the heart of the forest proved fruitless in the grand scheme of things. Believe it or not, there weren't any demons or masked men causing misdemeanour and damage; all that applied were the courses life would redirect us into.

The disdain felt at the very epicentre of it all never really translated to the subjects surrounding it, and never hardened into something more rigid; therefore, it never caused any damage and subsequently never laid waste onto parts it touched.

Royal sheep used to traverse the bridges between man and earth; these sheep didn't have much control over the ether, nor did they really ever manifest more than a few thousand at a time. However, these sheep really did exist, as I was and still am one of them, the olden sheep, the mauve herd. It's an applied science, really.

Especially when ultimately, there wasn't much happening in stark contrast to what had been taking place since the very start of the universe. And even that took place so harmoniously. There wasn't much to compare between the bridge of the nose and the heel. Because those comparing it shared similar features with those judging it, and everyone else involved in the hellscape that is us. Choose whether or not what you have to say has any value, or say it not at all.

In the Reaper's Grasp

They say the best work comes out when you're right around the final corner you'll ever take. Reading my thoughts gives a peculiar image of myself, even in the alleged final moments, I observe what I've become from the perspective of another. He craves company; he wishes he had been working on his health longer to delay damnation; he hasn't ever figured out the Ineffable. Who has he become? He's someone who always leaves a memorable impression, but never manages to make anyone obsessed. I think he might not have wanted the latter anyway.

But one leads to the other, so in his hunt for achievement, he yearned to see total annihilation in the eyes of those who blindly sought out his wisdom and to whom he provided false hope without acknowledging said deed.

Flashes of memory are followed by the last conversation you will ever have with yourself. For me, there was a lot of silence, much of which was interrupted occasionally by anything I'd typically discuss with myself. My herbal tea is slowly running out with each sip. But I'm not afraid to sip, why postpone the end? I now recall the last summer, a summer where I escaped my routine on a relative's farm, a summer before I had the chance to get acquainted with all the people I have met in the past months and before I had so many new experiences — a summer before finding out that preciousness is within my reach, attainable.

Carcinization

I no longer see the bonds that tether my skin, hold it together, and yet I remain intact. May the blind idiots that led and continue to lead me astray all turn to ash, particularly because I am not able to recognise them as such, and thus find myself adopting the classification I have given them.

On this night, I've dreamt of a past lover once more. Is it not amusing? How I wrote of it in such a confident manner, that it would be a sturdy blaze alight within an old lantern, lasting moments unaccounted for, and here we are. At the end of the day, it all comes down to circumstance. They sent a letter, encouraging me to welcome them, and I did just that. We spoke of what we went through before our reunion, and it was pleasant. Yet so, is that all there is to such meetings? I grow quite exhausted by the finite possibilities and start to detest the overarching idea. I begin to feel irritation towards these encounters, no longer seeking them out but instead simply falling for them like a branch and leaf trap buckling under the weight of an aloof hen and inevitably collapsing into the pit below.

While I lost sight of my derma-fabric, I began to peel away at perfection and scab all over those undoings of mine. It is much like trying to empty the deck of your ship as it steers further into the storm. What to hope for? The storm's hasty passing? The capacity of the deck, to be grander than the water gathering atop and as such, not cause the latter to be consequential to your vessel's vitality? The very earth to come apart and drain away the ocean?

Curse all those that come after me, and you. Or are you entirely unfamiliar with what it is that I speak of, and simply inherited these here papers through a means unbeknownst to me? If so, cherish them as you do yourself. If you do not, then they've evidently fallen into the hands of someone who is undeserving. If you do, they shan't ever separate from the likes of you. May this find its way into the future and bring decrepitude upon the kin of your kin and those after.

Splinter-riddled Sawblade

There are always these fleeting moments of brilliance. Before you're distracted or have to fulfil a necessity of your mortal coil, poignant. The very temple you clean up every single night after dozens to hundreds trample, its sacred grounds throughout the day, is actually the sole thing limiting your capacity for capability. To some extent, there does exist a need to detach, to find yourself in a space hitherto undreamt of, one where the very being exudes magic. And, I believe, it is an external factor that must authenticate this need for us, for we shall never be able to surrender our vulnerabilities.

Nobody is availful.

Summer's come, and with it — a nearly unbearable tendency to do absolutely nothing. I must travel somewhere colder, someplace where the palms of my hands won't break into a sweat in their purgatory of inaction.

Even as we speak, I'm drawn to go for another stroll in my lit-up courtyard. The sun is setting, not with a pretty shade of bloody orange, but instead with a mixture of sad and disappointing, stale yellow. Must be the townsfolk prematurely starting up tonight's pyre in honour of the late lord. I must drop by either way, the wake asks of me to make a statement as a most delightful companion, or so I've been allegedly described by the notes they've uncovered and read through, after rummaging through the dead man's place of rest.

Funny, there may be a certain allure to writing on an early summer night, perhaps, because it is still so. This, rottenborn mosaic I've been putting together thus far, is a strange child of mine. Having made quick work of ones before, who may rest in peace having never seen the light of day, this one proved to have left them all behind. Yet, halfway through this passion, I gravely realise that it serves hardly any purpose other than to both be an outlet and fuel my complexes, if you may even call them that. Apparently love for one's own self is so scarce nowadays, that if you happen even to show an inkling of it before but the most trusted acquaintance, *hoi polloi* will effortlessly spin it in some twisted manner — if not by manifesting about an outcry and souring the atmosphere, then certainly within the chambers of their hearts where their already grand inability to adore the most essential things in their miserable lives shall now allocate a small percentage to the disliking, of, you.

I grow wary of my words. The one thing that exposes me. I am crafting a steel cage around me, and I'm making sure it lacks a keyhole. How many times will I find myself at the same crossroads in this maze of sentence?

The Ineffable that which I seek slowly makes me believe it must stay as it is, perhaps greater men have reached further than I ever could, only to walk back down the steep stairs I'm ascending in disappointment.

Perhaps, by making this realisation and cutting my losses, I can head back down and seek them out, spend time in the pitiful hall, where those who aren't even capable of comprehending the idea of the embarkment, freely roam and inundate the rest. At least I will have company. Of course, this is the devil's whispers in my ear. I know that all too well, for these steps that I ascend are visible to all. And all who find me amusing do so because I am. So, I shall stay and remain consistent in my efforts.

Anni, Amori e Bicchieri di Vino non si Contano Mai

Hello paper, I once more find myself crawling back to you, and you once more let me right back in. I love you and the comfort you provide, and I pray for your mercy after learning that it is not the inspiration drawn from the actions of external forces that has brought me to you, but one born from within.

Travelling troubadours have been a blessing in the past few months; three times they showed themselves in our province, and after my initial accidental encounter, I couldn't crave anything more.

Painting, speaking, or writing, they've done and brought about an entirely new art into my worldview, it is near indescribable, certainly nothing I should even try to compliment, for my words would be nought but insulting, no matter how they're iterated.

I've been feeling hopeless lately, page. Settling for a black-and-white approach makes things easier, but everyone always finds a reason to contest. But why? Sure, we're smart enough to realise there's a lot to everything, but why not question our very nature? That maybe it's a curse, this... multi-faceted approach to all nonsense. I mean, I know that someday I will change, and you, not you page, but you — you don't know which iteration of me this is. You can't possibly fathom if everything coming out of my mouth is sincere or if it's something I've thought over one too many times. And does it matter, truly? All I expect from you is that you heed the person I present myself as. See the big picture because nobody sees their own. We are all ginormous canvases, and by the time we get from one corner to another, we aren't able to even see what we've done at the halfway point. In contrast, everybody else is either looking at what our frames are made out of, where we're being painted, or who's holding the brush.

I need a drastic change so that I can realise for myself if that's what works. Because I very much enjoy these conversations with you, old friend, but I can't bring myself to venture through your halls as often as we'd both like.

Ill-begotten gains

Oh, there she lay, in all her beauty. I hardly had time to stare as the men who were after me caught up. But I'd be content had that been my last sight beheld. I couldn't understand how

she managed to snooze away, lying the way she did on a couple of kegs. Oh, how I yearned to lie beside her and accompany her dreamy venture — and what a venture that must've been.

Her expression was peaceful, and nobody doted over her. It felt as though the sun itself was considerate and shone not in her eyes. But it's the hair I recall most, not her attractive vest or the unique set of vambraces she wore, but her luscious blonde locks were indeed the ones burned into memory.

I really only had a few seconds to admire, after downing something that arguably did everything other than quench my thirst, I had to resume the sprint for my life. Turns out my conversation at the château was overheard by a most unfavourable set of people, ones who judged it to be iconoclastic.

As of late, I found myself in better companies, gaining the chance to travel more around the country, though that, as detailed, brought its own bundle of unappreciated challenges. Who knew that earning a reputation would be so lethal? Then again, skipping threats is quite discourteous.

Though happily retracing back to her, the now symbol I've conjured up from scratch with the help of nought but the faintest figments of remembrance has become my temporary haven.

Inexcusable Evil

Hey darling. Do you have any idea what they're saying about you now that you've gone and done it? They say you were most charitable and kind. They say they blushed when you

spoke of them, as everything that would come out of your mouth would be most complimentary. They tell me: ‘Oh, how much I’ve missed him!’ and ‘If only he were still here with us, I would’ve...’ — this and that, as if you’re dead, honey.

Weeks have gone by, and they still occasionally leave flowers at your door like it’s some ritual. I enquire, and they shed a tear or smile with remorse as if your absence plagues them. I hear your name all over now. Bestowed upon a newborn, a newly built residence, a campaign. Rumours have spread to neighbouring communities too, with a rite held in your honour by the seaside last weekend.

The other day, a gentleman had come up to me, as have lately one too many, except instead of offering condolences or beginning to blabber endlessly as they do when trying to blur your vision — he threw a punch, catching me so off guard I was actually tossed some distance. There was nobody else around. I was flustered, but got up and brushed myself off before refocusing my gaze on the man, this time giving him adequate attention. He stood tall, almost as tall as you and looked quite well put-together.

He didn’t say much, just that he knew you well enough to realise that something was awry. He said I was too careless, left a crumb trail. That it was me who dragged you down ultimately, and that from the day we first met, I’ve been a liability. Then, right before leaving, he turned to me once more and asked if I knew. Of course, I said no, though he didn’t buy it. Those eyes of his only spelt out to me that I should sleep with mine open from now on. Your acquaintance is quite a piece of work.

Time Immemorial

Good evening, Ineffable. I will keep showing up at your doorstep until I manage to make you pull your own matter out of your flourishing cadaver. Because I know that I don't, but I want to believe that there is a transcended state. Actually, in a manner of speaking, I do! I mean, it only makes sense if you think about it. We are smart enough to glimpse it; therefore, to realise it. And who more brilliant than me to spearhead the first attempt at breaking through into a new world?

Granted, it disgusts me. In travels not long past, a love for meeting new people surfaced, and so I certainly indulge it. Few sway towards discussion of topics which I've tethered throughout this journal, but all lack the grandeur I possess. They all shamelessly show me fragments, those that I've been working hard to gather and assemble into an indispensable part of the design before it's too late. 'Fore I forget my purpose.

It is often recognition and acknowledgement that weaken us. They replace our toughened hide with frail, insecure garments that do not protect. Labelling subconscious behaviours through the medium of adjacent societal norms embedded in our being by the mere act of existing will cause us to falter in our steps. It is a discussion that spans a few seconds at most once it's in our conscious domain. It revolves around action or hesitation that leads to inaction, the latter always worse.

Prince Prejudice

Well, today, through the strangest stroke of life, I had a meeting with two former love interests of mine. Orchestrated by yours truly, I felt like seeking out the taboo. They were separate meetings, an hour or so apart. The first was with my

most recent one — the meeting... amounted to more confusion than resolution. Even after months, I still find myself attached in some way. And she seemed to be too. And yet we're unable to do anything about it, given our reality.

Frankly, irrationally, she might be perfect for me, but my reasoned side knows better. The second meeting was with the love interest before the one I just mentioned. I've moved on, and speaking to her was futile. We kept up appearances as acquaintances, but that's about it.

Do you ever wish to break out into a manic? Like you've just run into a dead end, and the road behind you vanished into thin air, so now there's just literally nowhere to go, and the first thing you think of is: 'Oh, maybe if I blink enough times the space time continuum will fragment and burst realigning this stupor so that I may make haste and flee from tragedy'. I can no longer even exhale in exhaustion at the thought of everything related. I can barely even afford to begin to think through it and judge what's what. Now answer me: if something angers you, yet does not tire you out, nor does it bring merit, where would you place it?

Indifference.

I shudder at the thought of it alone.

Cry with me. Saddened because the world shouldn't even be capable of comprehending such a concept. Humans were born to inherit the stars, I firmly believe it. But humanity — it chooses every single day, to glare at ruin. And let me paint you a picture of ruin.

Lady Ruin. She averts her eyes; she's considerate only in that facet, everything else about her betrays her evil nature.

Her allure and scent, the garments that clothe her, the faint mist that surrounds her, all culminate into this nightmarish amalgamation. Think of a withered part of a plant, one that could have been the bud, except it tripped over and gave way to the actual nectar-giver. It was a stepping-stone, one that was instantly forgotten and disposed of to make way for a better and greater pathway built by the bud's proprietors. We are to become that stepping-stone through our talks with Lady Ruin. She is pale but not as snow, her chromatophores work overtime to deceive us, and we have been falling for it ever since the dawn of mankind. Her teeth are ones she never shows; sharp as flint. Her back, covered by the clothing I wrote about, fails to conceal the bloodstains. Chunks of her spine are almost visible through the mushy, scraped-at flesh.

A Letter to Her

Beautiful. Never before has a person genuinely made me wish to verbalise that word. You're a ray of the true essence of happiness. You are the one I would point to in a room of favourites when asked who I think can make me feel most candidly. You are the one whose prosperity I would wish upon a falling star, and the one who would make me want to believe that those stars do actually make wishes come true. I often dream, but only dreams that share your presence I now classify as such.

I remain grounded thanks to you; it is with your help that I brace for the wayward future and manage my reckless present. I would build a tower in your honour, drawing up the schematics, hiring the men, and coordinating the entire process brick by brick with the least possible sleep, just to make sure every nook and cranny is perfected according to my vision. Because a vision is something that can outlive, and

embodying it into the tower, I wish to transmit to future beings that there once lived a person worthy of magnificence. My sheer power of will would assist in the prevention of the decline of my mental faculties so that when the miserable day comes that yours do, I remain able to cater. And if you forget me every single night... Each morning, I would still find a different way to make you fall for me all over again, just so somewhere deep inside your tender appreciation of me is only fueled despite the sorrowful reality.

However, you are unattainable. I feel shackled knowing of your existence, bound by the burdens of stability. With you, while it is within my power to alter the course of events, it would most likely put me in a most unfavourable position. One that, while procuring a very sought-after and lucrative reward, would place me in the most lamentable of places.

I do not wish to meet you in a decade. I would absolutely hate for us to be sharing a glass of wine in private, reminiscing about how things could have played out, regretting our choices. I do not regret my choices. However, this misfortune is almost teasingly playing out right before my eyes, a whole decade in advance.

Burn, There is no Room for Margin

To live a life is to be neither the medium through which jeopardy has you at her beck and call, nor be the blindfold ridding your judgement of clarity. I see that my ways are filled with error; I've been brought to my knees time-a-many through love's quarrels. There exists a particular understanding between the echo of our voices and the recipient, who mind you, is not us. They know that the untold transcripts of their talks are to remain so; they know not how to even begin to

change the state of those affairs. It is a set of formulas that can never be seen on paper and cannot be replicated by human hand. They find themselves not locked in a chest, nor behind a closed door, but stuck within the walls, never having the pleasure of feeling the gentle drop of rain or hearing chirping on a calm morning.

And so, I ask myself this: What is your purpose? You know pretty well what it is already, and even if you don't... well, that isn't a possibility. We make our own purpose, and I've settled on what mine should be: eminence unparalleled and widespread, accompanied only by repute, which will have me satisfied and which in turn will too, find itself incessant. So next I tell myself this — stop being your own worst nemesis, there are plenty of combatants out there that haven't even met you, but would eagerly devour you whole. It is nobody's but yours, the responsibility of being able to uphold self-set standards. Those standards are objective, too, oh yes, that is if you consider yourself to be amongst the top brass, if not the very pinnacle of mankind... I can then assure you that you need to do an infinitely better job at looking the part.

And these days, you're playing with fire. You cannot be in your element even in situations which give you all the breathing room you need for that to happen — you cannot, because deep within you've let your element spill out. And not only has it gone to waste, but it hasn't even been entirely wasted, because the component you let go has been poached.

MY LIEGE, THEY ROB YOU BLIND! YOU ARE A FOOL! MY GLORIOUS LORD, I CANNOT LINGER WHILST THOU DOST BRING THIS CALAMITY UPON THINE OWN SELF!

Pull yourself together, sire, there's a world to burn.

Infuriating

My time is not expendable, no matter how hard I want it to be, yet I treat it as if it were, by nature, because that is what makes quality time possible. It is when you can take the most outlandish of stances and stand by your initial decision without faltering. It is when you can make mistakes because they're fun and deeply informative. Yearn for better. It comes about only through the hardship we invite into our lives. Yes, not the one that finds us; that, even if taken as a stoic measure, against our will, amounts to only minuscule progression. The true cream of the crop lies specifically in the meltdowns we manufacture from the bottom up with all the right intentions. They are hard to achieve; I concur. That leaves the intermediary decision as the most noteworthy. That decision is to be yourself a beacon of invitation; your gates are to remain wide open for all sorts of ingress and thereafter alignment into eccentric configurations, preferably ones unfamiliar to you. That is how you can master the craft of refinement.

Viscerality

No question or statement ever has any ounce of validity. The perception of things changes not just day by day, but moment by moment. It is paradoxical, in a way: the ocean might be blue one hundred years from now, just as the leaves on the trees outside my window will remain green. Still, every time anyone speaks of that fact, or looks at them, or describes them in a context, perhaps entirely unrelated to their very existence, the subject's perception changes on a molecular level in the agent's subconscious. And you might argue that a change of such size should be paid no mind to, but you're wrong. This is one of the central pillars that keep the next level elevated; it is one we need to rely on and lean against as we climb.

Hamartia

And in line with it all... I can tell you what you ought to expect at the finish line. You're to see your peers, those you've met or even thought of. They will see you, too, and you will exchange pleasantries and shake hands in the most unvaried of ways. They will offer gratitude and expect the same. Nobody will cuss you out, nor shall any resentment be harboured against you. It will be closer to the indifference we discussed, but not even that; it will carry no intention whatsoever. A means to get rid of you, disguised as a clever wrap-up. It shan't matter much how it is that you arrived, with whom, in what attire — chances are you come alone regardless. They won't consider how you've treated them or what you thought about throughout; they won't know of your virtues or iniquities.

Nobody will have any idea that you are to be celebrated as the greatest to have walked. So, make sure you're straight with yourself, at the very least in present. Know your calibre, you're better than most. The standards, you call them. The expectations? You raise them. And whatever's left of those who try to stand up to your rule, well, sweep it off your terrace.

Arrangements

Amidst the blazing sun, I write, lest I forget her. I write, for I know no better way of capturing the essence for myself. Every time I write, it isn't for the future self or the remnants of ashes, but for the current. I express to internalise. She was most amusing, peculiar, fun, and she taught me things. Straightforward but prudent, she fell prey not to my antics and usual gimmicks.

Clever, when I targeted her humane flaws, she foresaw, adapted and surprised me without fail. Her nature was refined; she was a lady of manor.

There were many things I didn't know about her, for example... the taste of her lips. Despite her very existence, I have found myself at a total crossroads, not at a one-way street, as it very much should have been. You were almost my Dolores Dei, but never really quite so. And it is anything but clear to me what I have been for you, I know of what I've claimed to be, but who's to speak of what exactly it is that you saw me as at the end of it all. I most fondly remember a conversation we shared, apart from the crowded flame, inside the oak bungalow. It saddens me not to have a transcript. You were near-relentless, but pleasantly so, prying into the vault I embodied and simultaneously gazed at, trying to figure me out some more, and for a change, I was giving in. As time went on, that came to a halt. We went back and forth a few times on whether the character I claimed to be was just that, or my actual identity — me stating the latter, you insisting it couldn't be. Who knows? I think a healthy mix of both is perfect: to be someone amusing and to aspire to be the best you can imagine.

You were unsought-after meaning.

I don't know if I ever tried to really understand; it has quite notably gotten to the point of impulsive disengagement. Beyond that of the common man, beyond that of even the uncommon, nonetheless without seeking exclusivity through superiority. It all reeks of fraudulence, and all I've left to do is grovel at your feet, beg for your understanding, all whilst giving you the most disheartened, unapologetic expression, which brings me to the decision against such venture.

And so, I await the day when I sit across from you and undertake the exposition of occurrence, purely out of the interest of satiating my curiosity. You are one capable of perceiving my vileness in a lamentable way however. To that extent, I am ever more invested in the very idea of associating myself with you once more. To us, to fright.

Was.

Seethe

Acid. Let it flow through the back of my skull and undo my skin from the inside, much like the front of a halberd would gut — actually, unlike that, rather much like the impact of an enormous hammer would shatter furniture that was assembled from pre-made parts ready to be put together. Yeah, it would have to be force, a force less occupied with the very consequence of its sequence but rather the motivation behind it.

There isn't much to imagine because you're unable to. Think of things you enjoy, it's a shame there are so many because, on the contrary, there are too few that you don't. Balance was tossed out of the window like a dust bunny. The night won't be over anytime soon, so you're expected to brace for repetitive impact, and instead, all you do is set aside unkindness and try to focus on bloom, making you a fragile punk.

All I ask of you is a promise: do attempt to leave your mark if you even get a whiff of chance. See how other people respond to you, and judge well; if you are not looked upon with awe, then commit to seclusion. However, if you find yourself to be of capability, seek out the ignition, the fuel — see me.

Dismissal

There's purpose.

There is a purpose to every single minuscule decision anyone has ever made or ever will. With every single breath you take, every single glance you throw at someone, or every thought you conjure up into reality, there is intention. Always, and I mean always, take responsibility within yourself, register that if things have moved due to your input, you have moved things. Acknowledge it, accept it, come to terms with the happening.

That, isn't even the main subject I aim to tackle; seldom do I manage actually to succeed in that. Yes, life does become exhilarating once you begin connecting the dots.

No matter how much you want to accomplish something, there will always be obstacles that are undeserving of undoing your work, present nevertheless. Most of those obstacles are within your control, meaning you could have done your due diligence, and both anticipated and prevented them.

Insight

Say I loomed over you, shoved both my forefingers into opposite sides of your right eye socket and pulled it apart as forcefully as I could. Would you come apart like a woven sack? Or would I find you putting up resistance as if you were some sort of woollen paraphernalia? I curse you so that it may be the former. I will you succumbing, with all that I may be in possession of at any given moment throughout my pitiful existence, to this curse, and be that which I wish for you to. So that when I inevitably arrive at the reckoning's doorstep, I cannot only barge in unannounced, but also tear the place apart and, with any luck, burn it all to the ground.

You aren't one to deserve harbouring this fugitive within your walls. Why have them to begin with? Why be stingy with your gatekeepers? You have them working overtime, and so they slip up in their delirium. Do not misunderstand, you aren't at fault, no, nor am I; I could not have found you earlier than today. Make up your damn mind, rewire the system from the bottom up and pass better judgement next time around. Why be frail?

Vacuum Force

There are many who have had no opposition to forming complacency frameworks.

In your time alive, you encounter plenty; they are the people who stand out and overshadow the ones who are genuinely brilliant. And if you are capable of it, strike at the core of such hideousness. They, if left unchecked, go about rampant. Key indicators include, but are not limited to: ignorance, the likes of which may both be purposeful and not, unrelenting certainty in oneself that doesn't seem to be rooted anywhere, the extraordinary inability to be part of a collective in a manner which isn't unnatural, rough gestures that often bypass empathetic standards, and fraudulent prosperity, that which a more grounded person would have trouble averting their eyes from, etc. Once you've both identified and taken note of such a person, you need to go the extra mile and be their confidant. You mustn't let them know of your findings prematurely — you should hold until the most crucial of moments, much like a viper would, and then strike fiercely with the aim to wound.

That's correct, the penultimate goal is to wound, to fracture reputation and leave an authentic scar; these lesser people aren't deserving of extermination, far from it. They have the

full right to freedom and affluence; it is only that their affluence should be counterbalanced from time to time, and, in the absence of any clear natural counterbalances, moderators are responsible for stepping in.

Repetition

It happens again and again, you and me, the other bigot and the children she'll bear, their neighbours and relatives. There isn't anything to be done, not by our flesh and bones nor by the altering rays of godhood either. I declare what many have, and that is our reaching of the pinnacle of our genus. This cognisance is perhaps... No, it is most surely one that if adequately wielded will bring kneel. And so, we ward off the omen through fundamental delights such as slumber or bathing, or banqueting with most we're able to acquire. But try to embrace it for once, the reality of futility. The likes of balancing displeasure and the contrary to, whilst not devaluing the improbability of pointlessness. The crossroads you'll find yourself at are poignant, but the least-suggested course of action is idleness in the face of so much unfamiliarity. You are subject to being detested by luck if all you do is admire the wayfinding signage.

You could argue, I'd say back because, despite it all, I wish to see it. I hope to be around for the downfall and revival, the torching of life and the rumbling from within the leftovers. This is what we have, it is what we make of it, and the last thing one should be duty-bound to — is spectating. If you choose so, stay off my path, do not even occupy my peripheral vision. A maggot like you has enough capacity to calculate, enough to harm, thus, enough to transform.

Pick

Decide on a personality construct and give it your all. It is unbelievably easy, and catastrophic, to undermine your values as opposed to the challenging tidal wave you're to ride as you pursue and preach them. Let not yourself be an example of extremity open to opportunity; the usurpers lie around every corner. And, hell, might I even need to tell you that they do so very well within your own self, too. We are condemned to detest betterment in times of pleasure, and that brings our downfall like clockwork. Yes, yes, it is the very pilgrimage that you might have pondered over, which I am imploring you to go on, leave no stone that piques your interest unturned, no path having caught your eye unexplored, and no passerby glanced at to walk away without having heard who you are and what you're made of! Speak, say, do, fare and everything in between. You are urged by the very heavens only once, and that takes place before you are even of consciousness. Perchance you shall belong to the minuscule few who, amidst the trials of life, are reminded of their duty — who experience some revelation, some turning of the soul, and emerge thus improved. Yet for the multitude, life's incessant vexations shall endure, and you must, of necessity, ignore or extinguish them as best you may.

I will forgive you for batting an eye at the riff-raff; some people very close to you may be, but that is all you are permitted to do. Then, without question, extract any thoughts of them; they will weigh you down, no matter how it is that you think you may have authority over them, so long as they are within your environment, they will continue to be parasitic, determined to turn you right-side-up.

It is no surprise that those who do not catch on to their contagiousness are the most dangerous agents of the unneeded hierophant.

Linger

To be in a perpetual sentimental mood is to live in bliss — unattainable, only shrapnel of sentimentality, really. Without thought, however, we find ourselves repeating the search for such comfort. To be caressed by a certain someone, under certain circumstances, and during certain times, yes, of course, as you read through such a plea, it sounds more than improbable, because it is. But we find a type of innocent desire buried in this wish, and so when times are hard, this is always something we can smile back on. And glimpses we're sure shown, sometimes by the very entities that are able and willing to provide this paradise, except that they are obstructed in doing so — and other times by ruthless monsters that are out to do nought but lure us into a cage. Would you like to know which of the two occurs most often? I would like to, too. Though I can do you a favour by shedding some light on another matter, the matter of sincerity. And to be frank, the former variant is far more often the one to be insincere, with the latter simply acting out on their unbeknownst-to-you motives. So, fear not the wolf in sheep's clothing, nor the wolf that growls, but the sheep you've kept around since the start, the ones you've shorn several times over.

Humanity's Linearity

To build up a case. To sow with barely any intention of reaping, toiling over your groundwork as you lay it with each passing day. Through harsh winter snowstorms and mouth-drying summers, to care at the cost of caring for yourself.

Some of us are to be envied and admired by any means. But what of it really? Capable of seeing, investigating and submerging tactlessly into structures built up in back alleys. To be able to call out misdemeanour and faulty frameworks to prevent loss and frustration. Ought we to admire such courtesy, too? I fervently believe so. Where does that bring us, though?

Puppeteering Corpse

Classified remain the eyes that gleam under the sun's peer. Never are you one to honestly tell whether or not those eyes indeed emit a shine or simply reflect that of the stars above. And so, you're left to ponder, for but a brief moment, before, of course, succumbing to one of two tales. You've probably done so out of passion and commitment instead of deceit and expertise. Naturally, of course, the former's more inviting — though you mustn't forget the appeal of the other either. It needs to be stated that the deceit and expertise I mention go hand in hand, nullifying the connotations of the first and by all means introducing a wildness into the playing field of the second.

One awfully capable in that regard, will have a gargantuan stash of trinkets and relics, though notably, unlike a dragon, their willingness to share will be nothing but commendable, given, of course, you've of your own accord discovered their hoard.

Stare though. Stare long and hard into their eyes and listen above all to what it is that they have to say. Try to understand that a fundamental step is confrontation — be direct and question them, but do not take their response to heart. Show scepticism, and that will be the deciding factor in your affair of

honour. Admittedly, there's a very good chance that you are sole in your wagering of honour, as they haven't ever even considered the depth of your assessment, but so it may be. A cat goes back to being feral once the mice run along in exchange for rats.

To what End?

I will not yield to you! Not to you or anyone amongst your kind, I am ready to crumble before I ever do. I know — I know it's hypocritical of me, you are what I'm looking for, and yet once you're before me, I find myself thinking it should be better. I'm greedy and don't believe it to be a trait-ailment, I wish to never. But oh, does it sting, constantly and without ever letting me catch a break. It is I alone that I see at the forefront, really, only because I'm at an unfair-to-others pace.

So what? Am I to be judged for expecting an agile fool, much like me, to catch up or even surpass, so that I may be striving for once when he expresses no such sentiment?

It most certainly is a question of great rhetoric, of course, I'm not to.

All that remains is to be patient, be less hopeful and prudent in my movement. To not falter at the sight of the subjectively forbidden.

Brotherhood

You shook my hand, Oathtearer. Indulge me? Will you not? Will you let another lie lifeless as they ask of you to help? I find myself sitting by the fire with both hands in it, sensing you standing right by me and opting not to acknowledge my agony unless I compel your body to act on your behalf with a curdling screech. That's right, Oathtearer, our bodies and

minds are never in sync, and truly, despite having blackened palms after such misfortune, it is I who walks away victorious. Having now the knowledge to keep you closer is priceless. That's right, I won't let you know of my scarring due to you; instead, I will, at every opportunity, make sure your misery unfolds twice as fast. I will steer the people you hold dear further from you, spectate your suffering without intervention and direct that very agent towards you with the help of present hindsight. Doom will befall you, thanks to me.

Tango with a Trentino

I sit beside you as we look onto the mountains; it's one of our final evenings here before we're off to conquer the rest of the world. The sunset isn't particularly satiating, but that really isn't a consideration right now. You're preoccupied with matters personal, nevertheless still all too familiar to me, my mind, as always, blank. A few months later, I will only briefly look back on this time spent with you, as I'm not a fan of nostalgia.

That evening marked the conclusion of quite a journey. And within that group, it was a pleasure to have you be one of the few who I let influence me. And so, the lessons I spoke of with the intention of elaborating were as crucial as the beggar who taught me how to light a fire, or the tycoon, the art of deception. As we had a back-and-forth about each individual's ability to offer something objectively valuable, you made an excellent point that crumpled my original stance. 'Some people teach you what not to do', you said. I believe I immediately conceded. I won't ever claim to be the founder of the principle; it all lies within you. Absolutely, some people teach you good, some teach you bad; this adds another layer of responsibility to your very self. You must be able to discern

fairly early on who to bring closer and let teach you the niceties you're looking for, and who to look at from a distance as they make errors you'd never, except ones you wish to be reminded not to make.

Of course, this leaves space for the third group, the hideous ones, who are nothing but time-wasting sentient meat bags that need to be locked away by the authorities but never seem to be. They do a fantastic job of messing up the samples at our disposal, making discernment infinitely more effort-requiring. I wish they'd all get up and vanish, frankly, yet that would be foolish of me due to one final variable. And that is this third group's innate ability to shapeshift: being sub-individualistic, they are often influenced by a much lower threshold. And from there, they go into either of the two groups that we spoke of earlier. And so, unfortunately, everybody present at the farm, be it the farmers or the dehumanised creatures, is found to be on the roll-call.

Chosen Affection

I passed judgement during our first conversation; we won't be having another one, not willingly anyway. You're undeserving; you've proven to have the capability of wasting my time, and your own. You could've coordinated better, yet failed to do so, which has left me with an unfavourable impression of you. Unless you knock my socks off, I'm not planning on giving you a second thought, imbecile. What's that? You believe it is unfair? But tell me this: how much are you willing to endure before you make the call? That's right, maybe I am extremely fair by being able to decide within the first moments.

Back on track, however, it isn't a matter of debate, or, rather, I'm not willing to make it so. You could certainly argue that

the threshold I abide by is too low; surely, the provision of opportunities and some tolerance on my part could lead to much greater results, but I would say otherwise.

You can really begin blurring the numbers once you start giving more than a few chances; you begin to pull your punches, only for a sucker-punch coming out of left field, catching you off guard, damning your week.

Yeah. That leaves you often dredging through that fog, that purposefully thickened mist, alone and aimless. The highs are high, but the lows keep sinking lower and lower below the belt with each encounter. Sure, they're fabricated segments of psyche, and you can undeniably choose how it is that you approach them, whether or not you really let them strike that sweet spot, but the successful use of momentum to catapult your rag-dolled husk into territories unknown is entirely up to you — that, or you let them lynch you. First deal's better.

Sometimes they're a little rowdy, a little wild, as it isn't really in our nature to approach them in any way that we choose. Except, of course, it is within our arsenal, so, really, we have nobody but ourselves to blame for messing it all up, again. So yes, pick and choose what's worth your efforts and do so abruptly, you won't be able to see much of the greater world, it will hide away from you if you keep letting the maggot-addicts' stench gobble you up, mind and body.

Realisation of Infinity, Contested

Eleanor.

I see how when my brain becomes poisoned by fear, what it is, is the absence of love and trust in situations, people and above all, myself.

*Love is no cure-all; the seeping poison is, as you say, not from the world
around you but from the inner we all possess.*

I pray that the world in which I live becomes more filled with
love.

*You may yet save your strength, save your beauty, unsullied one, because
it will amount to nothing.*

All desires can be fulfilled, but it comes down to what you are
willing to lose or give.

*It simply doesn't, some desires are far too uncompromising, inherently
misguided and really under scrutiny of whether or not the aspirant
themselves should be silenced in the first place for having harboured such
thought-atrocities.*

In this life, everything has a price; for life to be balanced,
everything needs a price. The only things without limits are
steadfast love and trust. When they are embodied, they will
forever grow and never die, because these things depend solely
on our way of thinking. No external force can kill the light
that is within the loving heart.

*You must see that which I do; it pains me to blindfold and gag you so
that you don't have to bear witness to greedy would-be martyrs or attract
the attention of greasy and wicked con-men.*

On the other hand, everything obtained with force and
suffering, everything that is obtained quickly and without
thought of balance, will inevitably fall.
*Oh, but you fail to consider that everything is equally fragile and shares a
similar lifespan, whether corrupt or earnest. The human crucible is a
cheap imitation, brittle.*

Nothing in this world can exist without balance. It is this
world's nature to even out the scales, and you, a small particle,
among all.

*The world is not the world, the world is... us. We made it out to be what
it has, and for that, we pay the price we set ourselves.*

Life comes with a price, and it's your choice which currency
you will use.

I'm curious about what the future holds, because the system we live in will inevitably crack and crumble, no matter how structured or stable it may feel. It reaches for efficiency, forgetting about value and humanity. Creating lives filled with imbalance, I await the moment when it all comes crashing down, and the actual value of life comes to light. In that moment, our lives won't be governed by the cost of things, but by how they bring us together.

What made you out to be such a firm believer in the idea that when reform does come, which it will, it shan't be a trickster but a mime? Reform will nevertheless come from the circus, and we both know that anything that comes from that accursed place is meant to be nought but a laughingstock.

Life comes in waves through grounding lows and riveting peaks. Just like waves, life will inevitably crash into balance.

Perhaps.

Sickening Excuse

Hurt people, hurt people? Earthworm, you're implying that we're all inherently good. Do go on to answer me this: where does the maliciousness come from? That's right: it is a concrete fact that those of us twisted, imbue our energy from within, rather than letting it be tampered with elsewhere.

Oh, what it's like to single out your game and strike with enough ferocity to finish business there and then.

As you scope out the flock, you go for the one most charismatic, thinking it's always the most important... Except that isn't true; who's more important is the visionholder, but those are far too few. As such, on the pedestal you'll most likely find the former. Once in sight, single them out and approach earnestly, with humility; show them that, unlike those who gather round, you need not give them your

attention or effort. Instead, you expect them to flounder around you. Share the sentiment in a defeated manner, one that will cause them to ponder over it even if for but an instant.

You've seeded.

Now, all you ought to keep in mind is to retain the status quo you intended for and await them to trample on it, at which point you'll have every right to spin the helm in any direction, with any power.

You can desperately attempt to explain to me that engaging with the birdie in such a way makes you out to be nothing but one of its flock, but you'd be wrong; it just isn't able to comprehend such four-dimensional manoeuvres.

Congregation hinders Revelation

It is a real pity, our evolutionary advancements. Far too advanced to mindlessly seek food and shelter, or to thoughtfully reproduce, and yet too damn primitive to be able to apply checks and balances to the organ between our ears. It is too uncontrollable, and I believe the species of sapiens, and even the few after it, won't be lucky enough to see the day when we become the masters of.

We're fuelled by all the wrong things, in completely substandard proportions. Pride, curiosity, ambition or hatred, you name it, all differing in each individual, have subtly turned our attention away from the furthering of ourselves and instead towards treating the environment around us like a playground. The fellow person, each and every single one you've ever met — but flesh and bones with no relation. Your

father, significant other, friends and kin aren't yours. They harbour constructed feelings concerning you, and to them, nothing is owed by you; as such, you can certainly walk away at any given moment, though for what? Only to walk into another cobweb of nonsensicalness. We have strayed far too blindly, creating inescapable frameworks within which we're doomed to wither.

I, too, find myself captive of such cages, voluntarily grabbing onto the rusted bars and dirtying my hands in the process, signifying to any and all who glance towards me in a moment of disillusionment that I'm a common rag unworthy of yearning for. Then they go back to their business, losing the momentary flare of upheaval.

Out of Touch

I can no longer claim to be tuned into reality. The acquaintanceships I make along the way fade out of my consciousness, as I terminate them with each passing minute. Having not talked to you in months, every time a memory or image of you crosses my mind, your value plummets. Then — I discard you, despite fully believing that had I had you in front of me, we'd pick up the conversation as if we'd spoken yesterday, maybe.

But that won't happen, will it? Especially when the circumstances we met under were so orchestrated. At the time, we shared a whole world as part of a collective; I could even call you a friend, but that lasted too little.

In the coming weeks, I transitioned to thinking of you as just somebody I know, someone who ranged from giving me a place to stay in case of an emergency, all the way down to

making some time available out of their busy schedule to have a coffee with me. I do not need that deterioration to go through; what about a year from our meeting? You won't owe me a damn thing. In the face of my selflessness and my adoration of what once was, nudging me towards reconciliation, I will, later that day, be nothing but thankful to my rational side for pulling me away from that disastrous display of desperation.

To come to terms with pen and paper is to dissolve in it. I erase your contact, but don't break into your place to do so to mine, you're at liberty to retain it.

Down the line, in the case of you needing something or truly wishing to reconnect, perhaps you will be blessed enough to run into me in a state of delusion, at which point I will excitedly grant you audience. I just hope your luck runs dry just as you're about to reach out, is all.

Tried and True

How would you tell if I'm using you? Poor choice of words on my end, actually. I beg — as such, it isn't ever my direct intention to do so, simply because I am not so malicious and because I try to surround myself with people who would not, in the first place, instil that desire within me and are consequently of my taste. Of course, before I've actually done it and the whole point of the matter is lost, if I, in the case of confrontation or suspicion, only state to you that I am, but aiding you out of the goodness of my heart, who are you to say otherwise?

They lurk about, altering their appearance, these moochers. Those who refrain from stretching their mental faculties and

gladly do all within their power to convince themselves, in first order, that their little games of derision are but a part of the current body politic. Pains me to underscore how easy it is for them to fall for their own delusions and summon torment upon others. Whenever affordable, confront such pestilence.

Θάνατος ἐκ Καμάτου

Your past dame sends those apostles. I'd advise you not to let your dagger remain concealed and brace for impact. You see, they do one thing really well, and it is that of laboriousness; they are unassuming but unkind to you despite having come from the one source that won't ever deny supply, yourself.

Your hesitation pierces their stretchy skin. There are many of them, that is a truth, but they are easily distinguishable and do not wear armour. Trauma and anxiety are like yin and yang, with no silver lining. They ought to be eradicated, but here we're already referring to them, which only means one thing: they won't easily be dealt with. We have periods of leisure, general and isolated, I must say we can even triumph at times against a worry-man or two, though ultimately it is not meant for us to be rid of them.

The sound pressure is too minuscule to account for in the scheme, and often it is overestimated by agents of naivety. Harshness is all that awaits the uneducated, truly. You'll come about the knowledge on a day like any other, but when you do, I implore you not to shove it into your pouch carelessly; inspect it closely, familiarise yourself with it.

Bend the Knee

That's all it takes. That's really all there is to it, kneel before me, give up on all your ideals, beliefs and principles, set fire to your foundation.

Betray those you hold dear, amongst them yourself most, and sink through the floor into depths unscalable, ones that let not the rays of the sun pierce through the fierce darkness they accommodate.

You ought not to even fathom lifting your head to meet my eyes, for yours were materialised with the sole purpose of inspecting the ants below and making you wonder why you aren't amongst them. You critter, it is far beyond me how you've ever even managed to arrive here in the first place.

I mean, we aren't even human! Observe the desperation and urge, the constant battle against carnal desires, the tug-o-war-o-sanity. This is an embarrassment. And the worst part? There's nobody to look up to — well, exceptions eventuate. For example, if you were to pay attention, you'd have picked up on my gradual ascent. Still, I must, however, admit that I wouldn't want to contradict myself; I certainly haven't the slightest clue where I am headed. Nevertheless, it is better to confidently plummet into the gutter than whine about it on your way down.

Fair, I've strayed. You may misunderstand, though frankly, my nerves aren't racked, since it is with such purpose that I declare from the outset. If you remain, then I am to commend your zeal and beseech you no more than once to partake in my journey. Accept my conditional aid to see yourself for what you could be, and all I ask for in return is to abandon your

crutches. We are to conquer much, settle scores all around, leave no crumbs for the lowly, no merit for the greedy, and indeed no mind to the complacent.

Lower But Not Low Enough

Habituate, relapse, repeat. Try not to fall too far next time — but falling is good. You are to remind yourself of how you can get hurt as you hit the ground, of course, all depending on the speed and on what is weighing you down at that moment, thus making the fall harder. You are to remember how, once you're on the ground, it can be easier just to stay there and not get back up.

People generally look down as they walk, a minority looking forward, above, instead. Those who confidently step ahead won't take notice of you as you rest at their feet; the most you will interact with them is when they stumble into you and, upon expressing their inconvenience, step over. Then, those who stare at the ground before them, as if their life depends on it, will be too preoccupied with that and really will only acknowledge you as a threat before ever coming close enough. However, the mighty will choose to take a direction that won't even slightly raise the possibility of that coming to fruition, which means that ultimately, only one out of every thousand will be intent on sparing the effort of checking up on you, perhaps even going as far as to offer a hand. Though, get this: only one in ten thousand will do so without ulterior motive. So, that establishes that you have nobody but yourself to lean on. It is a delight that the socially accepted answer here is one to chase, or so it was. To the great discontent of our ancestors, those with greater endurance, we have generally taken a direction of shunning the desire to be perpetually tenacious and instead welcomed a filthy culture of pity-partying.

In Good Faith

Individuals, and there are far too few, who act based on the expectation of purity, are to be admired and protected. It is not a hereditary boon, nor can one be instructed in it; it is a choice, and those of us who are competent enough to keep making it in the face of incessant tragedy are the true heirs to glory, to honour. They, again and again, are bashed and suppressed by agents of reality, that's me and you, the ones who have grown accustomed and have adjusted to certain norms in order not to be outliers and achieve the false sense of belonging we all so desperately seek. These persons I spoke of first have untainted intentions, not ones motivated by materialism, idealism or any other sort of 'ism' for that matter, but ones acting on behalf of this intangible force of nature that will remain oh so inexplicable in our lifetimes. Perhaps, assuming our species further evolves as it has had, in some significant time far after everyone we can imagine had passed, the entities-of-then will approach that which I speak of as but a common trait of all. I do wish for that.

And when that fateful day arrives, only then can the claim that we are at the centre of the universe hold any proper weight, given how we aren't even able to remain the focal point of ours.

Pretty Face

A picture, or so it is said, could tell a thousand words. And so, picture this: a face you can't look away from, one alluring and simply gratifying to examine. All the imperfections and asymmetries fall together to create this unique character; there aren't many faces like it out there.

Although that, of course, depends on your tastes, without much pushback, I would be willing to compromise on leagues of faces. That said, there are still some out there enticing most. So, let us discern this fortune.

Starting with the hair, its health, colour and shape. Perhaps not what first comes to mind when discussing the physiognomy of man, but certainly one of the — if not the very main attraction to our gaze when it meets another. The hair goes out of its way to naturally add character and depth to any, it writes a story all on its own, the story of the very present, sometimes the lasting past. It tells us how the mimic wants to be perceived and even what intentions it may possess. It also cleverly hides. It can avert from insecurities or weaknesses more often than it highlights them. The temples and forehead are but the narrow drawbridge to the rest of the riches. I pay them little mind, and in any case, they often get obstructed by the likes of our first examinee or other headwear.

As we approach our next set of precious features, I ask you to envision an arch at the base of the ears and atop the brows.

The ears I find hard to judge at first glance, for they, too, are often covered. But the mesmerising aspect comes once you've brushed past the first few relational hurdles. Whisper and caress, the ears welcome sensitivity, familiarity and closeness. They both keep and create secrets, a foreboding murmur or an affectionate susurrations carrying a phrase to be remembered. Followed closely by a soft nibble.

Not far from our auditory aids, but certainly further up the arch lay the brows, and oh, those eye-arcs. Certainly contested, but perhaps the most expressive features on the board, I find myself enjoying them when they're more prominent on a

person; it defines their every visage. Surprise, sadness, anger, and amusement all use them as canvases for their means.

Eyes tell lies. Much like all extensions of human sin. However, one must concede that those irises display overpowering fountains of endearment; to be lost in them is a trait often too luxurious. They are lovely — Spilling into one another, mixing, creating a one-of-a-kind allure. Not to mention their chameleon-like aptness, they take the variant that is suited most for whichever environment they're to be in. And when they smile, when someone can smile with their eyes, they are the prettiest they can be. Paired up, the cheeks, blushing, hot or not, those both pristine and scarred, when held in the palm of my hand, bring me closer than ever.

Those supple lips, bitten and torn, are often covered in chemicals beyond their comprehension, making them glossier, noticeable. They whine through it all, patching themselves up again and again.

I find those lips far too enticing, I find them waltzing up my alley far too frequently, and I find my mind idling as others come clashing into them. They don't quiver but behave like a venus in bloom, poison at the rear, ready to clasp and not let go of those too curious.

That slim neck of yours, within my grasp now, yet not feeble enough to be snapped. I notice, however, that I can cover its circumference effortlessly, and with that information, I shan't remain content with not.

To lie beside you, head to head, yours decapitated.

Torso: A Duffel
Bag Full, Tears
Sewn, Zipper
Broken

Life in Currency

How far would your corpse push evolution? How do you wish to be remembered and by whom? There is intrinsic value in each chapter of our lives, and each chapter is associated with fundamental changes in our cognition. The envoy of lore merely waves as it passes by, and it is entirely up to you whether you choose to catch but a glance, stare it down as it dissipates into the horizon or drop everything you're doing and chase after it valiantly. If you are to pick the last, it may even find itself compelled enough to halt its march and pay you tribute for your efforts, the ceilings broken to achieve a higher status. Yes, it is the status of you, the value of existence, we are to ponder. But it is within my power to declare that we are not to consider it for longer than a catch-up chat with a friend.

We are bound to cross each other's paths again and again, each time I long for something unattainable, each time you lead the life I couldn't. We are to have the most splendid of times in each other's company, sharing a drink, me thinking the moment is deserving of lasting an eternity, you knowing its conclusion is but a few minutes away. Your interest, piqued, in everything I have to say, my accommodating yet deliberate nature trying to lock you up despite my wishes, no longer encouraging its means. To engulf, contrast and everything in between.

A living soul coated in flesh and all that entails comes into this world. The first order of business is that of the choice to experience, the ability to amass wisdom before segueing into the well of plenty. That is the most crucial capability we all discover at a very early age. Ever after, everything becomes tenfold more complicated; ever after, our surroundings and

other actors influence us, nudging and pulling here and there, leaving less room to make competent choices for ourselves. Of course, I do not absolve you of all guilt; there is always room to choose the better option, always.

And so, for a start, every time you take the choice of wisdom and experience, and of course make it out intact, you are elevating yourself on the spectrum of value. From then on, you must discern your circumstances: for some, the optimal choice is to excel in academia; for others, it is to avoid affiliation with gang violence. Of course, the long term and the short term are different variables; for some, choosing to exercise and not indulge in gluttony is the best thing they can do on any given day, and for others, it is to be more open-minded when interacting with someone unfamiliar. Then, of course, the at-a-moment's notice decisions, most internal, the war of the inner sanctum that rages on repetitively in a competent person's mind. That war consists of infinite battles; the least battles lost correlate to the fewest points of degradation and shame applied to the scale, meaning that the spectrum deviates not from the path of goodness.

No single person can achieve the score of a hundred; to aspire to be within the topmost is what each of us ought to strive for; we have an obligation as a species.

Coerce the Undignified

I dreamt of today, but today never happened. For the most opulent of goals, the optimum is to employ the services of a finely tailored mantle. If your dream, when shared, can be understood, then its value diminishes. You are in the service of an ego; if it is a cultivated one, it may occasionally commandeer your plane of being and suggest a course of

action. It does so, so subtly that you yourself always find the suggestions up to par and welcome them with good expectations; it is then up to you whether you guilt-trip your sudden possession of treasure into the disposal of or maintain dignity and clench your hand as tight as possible around the gemmed goblet.

Unremorseful

The prodigal avatar is the sole true path to happiness. It is not to be willing of coming under the subjugation of responsibilities or debts to others, but to nullify them with your steadfast actions in present times and intentions to come about. When engaging in such, you must be ready for grand abandon. Be eager to be the example of detest in the eyes of those once bridging the gap between, infringe on the rights of those relying on your word, and shove mud with sand into the systems which oxygenate your now-old companions.

To Coin Unopinionation

Speak to marble long enough, and it will choose to come apart eventually; whisper into quartz, and secrets will spill out. Despite, and admittedly, their ultimate self-conception, they do not quiver once in sight, nor find themselves devoid of any value upon coming alive — and most importantly, they do not have the obligation of existence to anyone but you.

In turn, you acquire the responsibility of professing these truths to inhibit their diminishment. It is an indivisible bond, and one that can only be foregone in the instance of you foregoing your very continuance.

If you are to uphold your agreement consistently, you gain the necessary momentum needed to burrow through the ever-

expanding human gunk. If not, you are to amalgamate into the putrid sentient flesh and serve the sole purpose of being ploughed.

Expected of Ugh? Ew? You?

‘Firstly, naturally, you did excellently, though for future reference, you ought to also...’ — I heard through my persistent attempts at unsealing my shut eyelids. It was far too early in the morning for this type of conversation, or so I first thought. There hardly are wrong times for things if you’re competent (which you’re expected to be as a human), the excuse is totally taken advantage of. Ergo, my subsequent thoughts were not those of someone who considers the possibility of improvement, but those of someone who hung up after the first five strokes. Why go through the leisure of troubling me with ‘what-could-have-beens’? To start with, you’re now wasting every breath you’ve taken after giving me the green light. And who are you anyway to expect of me to have done good, the only soul to have such a privilege should be me. All others are to assume the role of false prophets, either earnest with their intentions of ill-infliction or meticulous and consistent in their league of mentorship.

Though who am I kidding, a bullet wound would be just that upon the misfortune of anyone, nobody has ever earned the blessings of an otherworldly entity, and no leaderboard measuring your capacity can ever do so fairly. So ultimately, chase what?

Determined Will

A thousand despoliations upon you and upon that which you hold dear, perhaps by the nine hundred and ninety-ninth, you may reconsider what it is that you wake up to every single day.

How can you even begin to confidently argue for the unlikelihood of your actions being dictated by something ungraspable? Worse yet, how could you then go on to halfheartedly believe in its concreteness? I dare curse myself for having even encountered and taken a liking to such a pitiful being as you. All that was left for me to do as we strolled back and forth on the same man-made artificial island was to elbow you in the snout you call your pretty face and hope that knocks some sense into you. Unfortunately for me, and for you, I decided against that and instead found pleasure in the longevity of our discussion, which led me to extend my gratitude for your consideration of my wishes and to ask you to reenact the day on another.

However, truth be told, as I explicitly made sure to express to you at our expense, I had great trouble coming to terms with the talkative temper-tantrum-causing gremlins using your tongue as a slide and their corpus as a weapon of cosmos. In a public park, you had me halt to a stop, and lie on the ground as a show of defiance, and still had the chutzpah to follow that up with: 'You were meant to have done that.' I mean, excuse me?! Am I some sort of bumbling buffoon whose whole existence is expected to fall flat on its face after a lady of your stature confronts its fundamentals? No, of course not, and so we went on to debate this for hours on end. It has been an awfully long while since I've had the pleasure of having such a satiating conversation. I would shamelessly see myself pursuing more of the same.

Neutral Surveillance, Rigmarole

Spoken of, amputated knockers can still accomplish their duties, and by all means should dispassionately do so. It is in such a haven where the adjective will employ its truest form.

There, the incentive to achieve one's greatest potentialities will be as common as the rocks beneath your feet. People will never, even with freedom, choose to step out of line with their ubiquitous, biological blueprints. However, it is without question to be at the forefront of the discourse, the made case of no truly competent overseer to fill the shoes of the listener, otherwise judge, jury and executioner. Amongst us all, such isn't found, therefore we must be the rotten apple bed to break the fall of a pristine. Only then do we deserve to seek salvation.

To cushion the fall, some apples must be eaten or carried away by fauna, while others take the responsibility to increase their plausibility of flourishing into trees. Some apples need to be passed around and devalued, while others ought to poison whichever glutton disrespects. Many need simply to wither away. But after not too long, or perhaps far too, one will be borne, and graciously bring the minutest of shifts in time-space continuum. And that needs to happen not dozen or π , great gross of a lie, but really closer to an interminable constant variable, one in perennial perpetuity with an invariable exertion.

Nothing Circumstantial

Though it doesn't go without saying, my untimely encounter with you has rearranged my guts. Truly, the weight you've settled on bearing upon your shoulders hasn't failed at piquing my interest, nor has it avoided earning my repugnance. Amidst a room of jesters, you lower your cap, not because you've the inspiration of muffling the sound of those ringing bells to quiet your sneaky approach at the nape of the king, but because you've grown weary of sporting it — laughable. Enough about your insolence, however, let us instead do this

as once intended, by critiquing your very essence, for that which leaves from within your largest orifice also carries the quality of being the grandest target.

Firstly, it is blatant, the discovery of contradiction that lay amidst your first rebuttal, for to rebuke is to create, however so indirectly, your own circumstances. And by that, I mean, upon my proclamation of the necessity of forcing circumstances, the instinctive means to the futile end was to attempt and deny humanity of that path. Herein lies issue number one: it shan't be claimed that inducers of circumstances are wrongful to exist, for, did they not, you wouldn't either. We all, for the greater part of our lives, through the mass variants of all affairs we end up finding ourselves amidst, are guided by circumstances. In personal relationships, professional entanglements, or broader societal frameworks, everyone can always be found abiding by unwritten rulebooks, kneeling to norms and tendencies, and respecting intangible concepts that have been introduced and are at the mercy of change by individuals no different from the us. It is as if you breathe air yet claim air is not.

Furthermore, the second issue is the downplaying of any given prospect's capabilities. Much discontent is harboured in the idea pitched, that it is not so much a debate about nobody being at liberty to force circumstances, but about certain individuals being less so than, or even not at all compared to, others.

Third is the unfair demand of submission. To expect from a competent — albeit one that would have no problem in doing so — to erase their underscore and assume the guise of an ee over that of the er.

The mental dullness one would have to acquire for this even to be conceived in the first place runs at unprecedented levels.

Beauty in Indifference

Picture the wiggles of a worm, its daily — even momentary — struggles that we won't ever be able to come close to comprehending. The writhing of any ant, as it scavenges for food to satisfy its queen, an unremitting grind that never halts. The butterfly finds itself to be exempt due to our fondness. Spiders or roaches in that regard, too, can be excluded; they pose a 'threat' too frequently and, as such, have preconceived assumptions within man-societies.

But yes, most insects — like the former two examples — we forget the very existence of whenever we are not in the same vicinity, and, most importantly, once we do find them before us, we do but one thing: we acknowledge them. We quite literally think 'oh, an ant', and that is it. We might even go the extra mile and be thoughtful by making sure we don't step on it, but in doing so, we exert no real mental or physical effort. We harbour no dishonourable desires regarding it, nor do we channel past experiences to guide our interactions moving forward.

And precisely that — is what we must be bound to within pursuit of humane affairs. Such conduct is among the few times when one may be prejudiced and entirely in the right; this preconceived predisposition towards others that calls for indifference is the purest form of treatment. There must come about an aspiration to treat one another much like this. This is the definition of fundamentality, foundation.

It is what strangers ought to be to one another, ants and worms. And this isn't an unfeasible approach. There is much joy and fulfilment to be found in times when I spoke to someone with no intentions, no history or beliefs, no feelings or motives, but simply.

On the Challenge of Freedoms

With each year that comes and each day that passes, I hear more and more voices advocating, protesting, and fighting for a newfound freedom that is supposedly being rebuffed. Dare I say that some freedoms that many may consider worthy are far from it?

The moment when sloth becomes yet another stepping-stone on the path of self-annihilation, a path which we as a species traverse so confidently, is no biblical moment, it has rather become as common as a children's tale. How improbable is it really for us to one day even go as far as advocating for the things we advocated against? But before such an event, we'll surely just ask for opportunities of ruination instead, disguised as liberties and boons to our well-being. We do so already.

Finding ourselves in sickening times more and more, we seek for greater room despite having enough, enough to walk and talk and do all the things we'll ever want. We've enough to fill twice over.

Have you thought of the freedom of thought? It happens to be a freedom nobody has ever had to fight for, a freedom all have, though to be discussed at which level, but it cannot be taken away. It is neither tangible nor graspable, nor physical, and it is uniquely boundless, no matter the time or place.

However, some should absolutely have it limited, or confiscated entirely. How many of the world's evils stem from the mind palace? All. All evil-doings to ever have happened, assault, manipulation, treason, sacrilege or terrorism, hell even petty theft or insults making someone cry, have been premeditated to some extent within the psyche, and would have been prevented had it been under oversight or had there been more robust frameworks of control installed.

Now the question of supervision is the trickiest part, we naturally lack the important factor which is an adequate system for literal 'mind-control' but worse yet, even if we had something of the sort, the greater issue lies in the administrator. The person in charge, the master, never actually an unbiased entity, herein the catastrophic variable.

Now then, solutions? With recent technological advancements, the implementation of a mechanism capable of controlling the psyche to the extent I wish is not pseudoscience. And, albeit a grander obstacle, vines aren't obscenely tangled around the ultimate leader. These two efforts are perhaps on par with one another, and even mutually inclusive, for the successful coming of one can hasten the other's arrival and vice versa.

Conditional Friendships

'They can be', she said. She went on to explain it in such a way that had me find meaning. Half a year later, I don't have her contact because I've reverted to the belief I had before our talk. Perhaps, by hearing her out again, I'd come to the same understanding I'd expressed back then, though in my denial, I've kept it from ever happening.

You can get along well with someone under very particular circumstances and not under the next, and that is fine. Perhaps you find yourselves spending the best of times catching up over coffee every couple of weeks, but you'd never catch yourself attending a party together, and that's okay. An individual can be on business terms with you, but you'd, in a heartbeat, confide in them if you encountered trouble.

We sat across one another, skipping dance practice.. It is awful, but quite true: no friend out there is a one-size-fits-all, and often it is the case that one size fits a place for a time though not for another.

Yet, this is closely interrelated with respect in friendships. The problem I have is that each of us finds ourselves aligning with this in different ways. There is a notable lack of responsibilities that everyone feels compelled to take care of. The spectrum of decency is as stretchy as pizza dough, from something as basic as an in-person enquiry, which, mind you, is a humanitarian necessity, but some don't wish to define it as the subpar act it is, to actually putting in the effort to develop the thing you are a part of and, in turn, develop yourself.

This is truly outrageous, do not find yourselves in relationships with people that you would rather have nothing to do with, even if it somehow just serves to fulfil ulterior motives, and I would be inclined to say that if it did, you'd find out how much more willing that would make you.

But seriously, social engagement is for one's own betterment, much like eating healthily, and so just like you wouldn't put tapeworms in your mouth, intentionally happen upon ties that are dysfunctional. And so, in search of functional ties, I expect an array of benefits.

Sweet and Nauseatingly Putrid

There are no bounds that can bind. Your body, ugly, and everything inside of you won't ever make up for the disgusting flesh you don so confidently. Every. Single. Day. You somehow find the gall to pull it off!

This is coming from a place of care and thoughtfulness, a place from where someone would enjoy crawling into you and wearing you just so they satisfy their degradation kink, and can find out what it's like being a good-for-nothing stain on this earth. You cannot act on command, you can also not manifest the act, and on the rare occasion you do, you aren't happy with either. Here, you evidently fall into one of two categories: the intentional but awfully prolonged indulgence into being a squeamish fool or the exponentially worse accidental self-portrayal of one. If it is option B, then you ought to be ashamed of such a pathetic display of loss of dominance. Why is the leash on your dog if it leads you?

To be delicious, to read a holy book and after every page to tear and turn to cinder.

Trifecta of Affinity

The pentagon holds the inadequate. The incompatible, more like, but also quite straightforwardly, those inferior, if you are to hold yourself in high regard. There, exist a people who neither hold value nor share your own, and as such, with a high consideration to your competencies, they are worthless. What is to be done with them is at your discretion; often, they may not be easy to dispose of. This, however, is no place for those seeking salvation from rock-bottom, and at that, such cancer-less tumours are to be either disintegrated, assimilated or torn apart.

The hexagon has the market. It is an exchange, no more equivalent and fairer than it is disingenuous and superficial. The employment of one another happens clinically and with a precision rivalling that of a surgeon, the only saving grace happening in the earnest of all actors is that everyone involved is aware of their pursuit of attributes. Of course, between the current one and the next exists a fog as murky as a professional drunkard's night out, the murkiness rooting from the urge to dilute in the name of comfort and desire. You shouldn't. The six must remain loyal to rationale and competitiveness; it mustn't invite those undeserving. The entry requirements aren't steep, but they shouldn't be affected; those within have to be worth more than a dime.

And the heptagon, that is truly where you are to chart for the purposes of discovering the intimacy that's longed for. It is when you spontaneously come across an individual with whom the spending of time feels effortless and the sails barely need much wind upon their fabric.

It's when you take those first few steps, drudging through a layer of snow that has purpose and conviction, but then find yourself retaining the incessantness with a notable lack of exhaustion.

Trend in Rectitude

The illavish morality that rests upon the snouts of those who speak in excess, isn't to be taken into as much consideration as we all have deprived ourselves by doing. True moral behaviour lies within the responsibility of self-justfulness, and to cast this aside in pursuit of social leverage, is to use a rusty shiv as a toothpick. We, fragile as we are, shouldn't emphasise

tactfulness obscenely, or perhaps the tact we focus on is that of selfless pleasure, renouncing the ego, wrong as well.

Wallowing in self-pity is as futile as whipping a whale. Why are you cuffing yourself? Ordinarily, the respect for anarchical carnage isn't to be normalised, but it ought to be employed as a tool of progress. In light of success, as the greater majority still stands by institutionalisation, you will be triumphant so long as you can live with yourself and the actions you have taken.

Sea lions do not salivate over semantics. They construct and rearrange discourse based on instinct and circumstance. We, the brittlest, have attributed an unprecedented amount of depth to mechanisms that are instead meant to hasten our obtaining of needs and wants. It is like looking at a map and following the dedicated pathway instead of taking a shortcut; we choose to abandon wisdom in exchange for a degree of safety that frankly threatens us more than if we had taken risks.

On the Scandinavian Audacity

It is with the greatest of displeasures that I write the piece that follows. It is of cataclysmic importance that the following is taken into consideration no less of course than anything prior or posterior, but paralleling the very teachings always preached post-announcement in works of such a nature. The very children synthetically grown in our northern laboratories have turned out to be far too impotent for this world. They view the idealistic nature as one that is existing in a plane that has never and won't ever have space for it. We, as the greater human species, are not designed to adopt the model of the cold north unequivocally; we have not the will nor desire to implement something so divine. Dog eat dog, might makes

right, you name it, and it holds not just an inkling of validity but a hull-full-of-barrels worth. It never is as terrible as the masses manifest, and yet can also undoubtedly fool the cleverest of us with its pretend tangibility, the state of global affairs.

The concept of a concept is indeed, conceptualised by nobody but us on this here earth. We, despite our best hunches, are still the centre of the universe, and everything revolves around us. As such, some fundamental functions may well be devised for convenience. We are clairvoyant because the hand can grip as it extends, and we intend to have it do so.

A truth is subjective, and hardly any permanent and unchanging facts are actually realised at this very moment. A thought experiment as old as time: 'If a tree fell in a forest and nobody saw or heard it, then did it really fall?'. In this very order, unless the event transpiring is of imperative importance to the existence of humanity as a variable, then under certain circumstances, everything can be disregarded.

The tragedy of it all is to be found in us being overly focused on such 'insignificant' happenings instead of looking at the bigger picture. Had we, we'd have been the centre of the universe by now.

In essence, the ordeal of intention may also be comfortably not interpreted as it matches the criteria of the 'insignificant happening' over the course of its lifespan, harbouring just the purpose of justification, which falls flat as it stands in accordance with reality.

The Hanging of Eve

With the captivity of the heavenly organic apparatus and the confirmation of its sentient capacity, we no longer can deny the paradoxical nature of this reality. The decision to be undone is now one that can be taken, just as easily as the one to be. Indeed, we declare great burden upon the choice of deciding when the choice to not, not not decide, but decide to not to, is of an infinitely greater difficulty.

On Vendetta

You lied to me.

I did!

I did. What guts does it take to lie to someone like her? What idiocy? Moronity? I must have lost my marbles entirely. To be adored and admired truly is a feeling I consistently avoid familiarising myself with.

Everything I will ever accomplish must be trivial so that I always seek to accomplish a greater deed. Within the seeking is where one of my purposes lies; otherwise, what of anything. In the same sense, perhaps what was intended was truly a pure form of affection, but in my state of perpetual fright and disobedience, I had no inclination to engage with it.

And so, once it was no longer in sight, I went on to rip many-a-string and rope, setting fire to tethers stronger. The tenderly torn skin, the smiles that couldn't be held back and her will, are things I chose to do without and yet memories I won't be rid of up until the day of my permanent quietus. I sit again, with tremors in the right foot, Tchaikovsky to my left and the blazing sun above, having confidently denied myself one of the most sought-after comforts of life for fulfilment.

What of the talk of answers to everything? In her case, I couldn't concur nor oppose a plethora of statements. There was a degree of joy exuded in her presence, and just as much alleviation when waived. I must be vigilant in my choice of progress, for if anything were to be the case, it is that of consistency, whether in one trade or the thin spread of all. I have made certain calls which falling back on isn't a matter of consideration.

And so again, when faced with what most would declare the gates of a banquet, I thought to myself that the brick layering seemed crude — a palace may be, though undeserving of me.

If another, one who loved her as she did me, were to stumble onto me, knife held firmly in their inflamed hands, a force made up entirely of pent-up disbelief. If they were not even to recoil as they thrust their entirety onto me and ruptured my innards, left me to slowly fade away as they rushed off to reflect but not chastise.

If they had done an act of such unfairness, and if I had the privilege of knowing the why and not collapse in total incredulity of how the murder of god had happened — I suppose I would not apply much effort in endeavouring to quarrel.

Doubtless having done my best, the lady walked away, whether content or the contrary should not be within my interests to know. The intentions matter, yet of course not most, it is a blend of quality resolve with adequate action and a sound self-assessment that will ultimately paint the clearest picture, certainly not the arbitrator reporting post-factum.

Within her gentle, warm breath on my face in the mornings,
the timid requests made to hear more of what I had to say and
the playful attitudes to spruce up my days, a newfound solace.
To lend a shoulder of mine for her to rest or cry into was a
service gladly offered. To watch her youthful smile spread
from one cheek to the next as she encountered life's small
miracles was akin to watching the birth of a star. To embrace
under the sheets, enchanting.

I keep finding myself coming back to this passage, adding
onto it with different time intervals spanning between my
problematic coping behaviours. Really just manifestations of
homely futures I keep denying myself and her. The only
proper remedy for this is keeping substantial distance,
something which I've failed to do when choosing to retain
both professional and friendly engagement. This, among many
other things in life we choose to nowadays attribute great
attention to, does not really mean anything at all.

But just as there is little use in adding value to its discourse,
there is in subtracting from it. It all seems painfully elementary
to me. By the time these words grace her eyes, they'll carry
meaning barely worth, and if they prove otherwise, then both
of us are to be judged for causing heartache.

A passing swan paid me one glance as I stood on the bridge
above, then went downstream. I, perforce, mute and still, rifle
at the ready and dinner on my mind.

Could've been anyone, really.

The Human World Reserves no Space for Inhumanity

To be born in a family no different than the rest, for they all yearn to differ, yet all end up the same, is desired by all, certainly thought of by all, at least up until the midway. To have grown not knowing what you ought to have never known, and to have had the purest of prejudices and predispositions towards both man and not, is a nightmare we're all too unfamiliar with. We are, however, greatly versed in the arts of growth that exist in our lifetimes — as such, as all reading can indistinctly make out silhouettes within their hazy memories of juvenescence, I shan't indulge the matter.

What I wish to, however, remark on is the presence, or rather the extreme lack thereof, of the motive to deviate from standards shared by all corners of the world that set limiters on morals regarding and approaches to unprecedented circumstances, which are actually quite recurrent in their nature these days. These capricious tendencies are by no means traced to any age past that of the late teens, they are first inhibited and reinforced throughout the earliest of stages of one's life and are unfortunately the literal culmination of all sensory systems which makes it incredibly hard to contaminate and coordinate one's upbringing for the purposes of shaping — or rather moulding them to be suited for a certain ultimatum.

Unbeknownst to me for the greater part of my life, I had to have had begun making the path towards that deviation as early as possible, despite, of course, having not only nobody around to encourage and much less even suggest such a leap but also, quite unfortunately to me, having people who would actually smother such an initiative altogether. Nevertheless, thanks again to the sensory complexity that can both doom

and elevate, I have stumbled upon a path that leads or has led, I am inclined to believe the latter by this point, to said deviation. In poor circumstances, and I needn't wager this, seeds of rebellion sprout with more vitality than in not.

The decisions all encounter in frequency throughout their lifetimes are shaped by the levels of engagement offered in breadth. To spectrumise the discussion of inhumanity in this instance, even those making calls that would place them well above the mean, I would not concur in placement as such, due to their calls of inhumanity being infested with malicious shrapnel. It is imperative, and I cannot stress this enough, to make inhumane calls that are extensively thought-through.

There shan't be an institution adequate enough to have any say or resources that would ever help it aid or steer your call-making, other than that of your authority on yourself. To kid yourself on this matter is the errand of a worn-out fool, yet not one uncommon, it is one to be harshly judged but also acknowledged in the sharing of, between everyone.

To end up at the furthest points of the spectrum and be revered, a dedicated, sustained effort is required — an effort of inhumane actions for the sake of humanity — an empathy shaped not by acts despicable but by ones still deemed unadvisable by consensus.

Master of Gears

I must introduce the following with an overarching word of notice that applies pervasively. If you struggle with an ailment that hinders mind and body, especially one that ought not to be looked down upon and can take long to cure or is entirely incurable, many of the things I write apply to you still, but in a

vastly differing way. At the very elementary level, if you can read and comprehend this, then you are obligated to internalise it too, as opposed to all those who can't, as this won't matter to them. If this is relayed to such people, I may only wish they grasp at the thin threads scattered at the bottom.

To shape the competencies of the mind, you must start small. Seek out that which you have under control. Is it the food that you consume? The amount of time you spend in the shower? When it is that you head to bed? The thoughts in your head? The people you keep around you, are too a variable you can control. The more power you exert over such variables, the more you improve your skill of manipulation — the more you do that, the greater the variables you are able to will over, so become. Control emotions and environments, take charge where you had prior thought to be unable to. To remain stoic in any event is only as good as you make it. It isn't to assume that something is out of your reach when you are confronted by the happening through a negative instance, but to double or even triple check and reassess. You ought to be impartial towards something for one of two reasons, either because you choose to be so despite being able to control it, and as such simply choosing to control how that variable engages with you, or because you truly — and this should happen after enough deliberation, deliberation that can take only a few seconds for a trained mind — cannot control said force.

Realpolitik

It is a laughably simple matter to accept the reality of us being the centre of the universe, and not just that, but it is also a matter of imperative importance. At basic level, it is naturally encouraged to consider the vastness of the known reality

within which we reside, and to that end admit that there must be life out there even more intelligent than us (thus more precious). Yet, we have not yet come across such life, and as such, the most intelligent actor known to us is us. This leads into a discussion of which perspective to base theoretical arguments on. Going broader or too conceptual in many cases is a futile endeavour, as those that remain grounded in our reality are able to better solve and achieve. If the cost of saving our planet was the annihilation of another, those concerned with the moral and the ethical would by no means have more neurons firing off than a newborn ape figuring out its motor functions.

Writing in Your Stead

To write for you, I must first write against you. To be consequential to the handicap you were born with, I needn't operate on it, but instead beat you so vigorously you experience a sort of alternative therapy. Your body, a temple, you, the caretaker, both let it be tarnished and do so yourself with incredible incessancy. You are not to earn grace; the littlest of respect will elude you like a mouse does a cat. For your tendencies, I want to rearrange your spinal cord and make you immobile so that you go through the hell of knowing you no longer have room to alter conduct.

It is an exciting elementary, the taking care of corpus. Feeble is the vessel within which we reside, and yet feeble as it may be, it is also a show of impure force in the eyes of all other species. We are privileged to be able to understand what it would take to treat it with care, and we are most idiotic when we decide to do otherwise for the purposes of simple and temporary pleasures.

Admiring

Hey, how are you doing?

Oh, well enough.

Are you waiting for someone?

Oh no, just — standing around.

If it wasn't too much trouble, we're trying to take some group photos, could you scoot over a little bit?

Oh! Right, yes.

*The kind sir takes a few steps to the side. Before long, he's entirely gone.
I then ponder, for but seconds.*

Shall I burn a thousand lifetimes over, due to the interruption of this gentleman's admiring of view? Who am I to steal this simple pleasure of man, especially at his age?

Even as my scorched skin and muscle regenerate and burn once more to a crisp for the thousandth time over, I won't be able to atone for such sin. May a sword strike my throat for the things that it allows me to say, and may I go mute so that I never again utter my intentions at the cost of a peaceful mind's solace. May I profusely bleed out in the cold so that I find no time to appreciate the warmth of the puddle of blood forming beneath me, all while my most trusted of companions turn their backs on me and venture forth as I have both taught and expected of them to, when dealing with such a monstrous display of evil.

Then again, it doesn't have to be an affair of such magnitude. Yes, the heart weighs more with each such instance, but we, designed to sustain until the end all misdemeanours, are to forgive and forget.

To Seek Intimate Companionship

The discourse of love is saturated in the sense that it is something almost everyone has an opinion on, alongside a take unique to their experience with it. It is also a fairly linear ordeal; the more you live it, the better you get at it. And so, of course, I always frown upon those who decide to hold on for dear life after encountering it for the first time, but that is a discussion to be had behind close quarters.

The key point of consideration is that of looking for this sort of immaterial possession. A consensus exists, especially amongst those who have gone through some, that of excessive striving leading to demise. And to a great length it is upheld and validated by most, yes, if you are to pursue anything unthinkingly, you are not to remember to oil your brakes and crash through a wall or two. Being ambitious does not entail foresight.

However, critically, those wishing for such a relationship with another, having built sufficient rapport, can entertain themselves with the search and ought not to expect resistance from the masses. Due to! The relevant threshold crossed, once a person becomes wisdomous enough, they now start their expeditions not only in the expectation of a good harvest but also with the pitching of a quality net. To understand what would fit you best is to make it what you want, and not vice versa.

On Good Authority

There are rattlesnakes amongst us that interpret order in their own ways, such behaviour is to be favoured by all unconditionally. It is the solid snake that's to be feared, the one that is covert and doesn't slither; those must be snatched

and cut up unevenly, with no precision, since they do not deserve even that sort of consideration. The former snakes rattle as nature intended, they grow to ability and deliver in harmonious ways within which all right folks can find continuity.

It is quite often, for far too many, and per great misfortune, a matter of life and death, the undertaking of deeming all snakes to be poisonous.

Step-by-Step Guide

To start, kill only yourself. If you are not built of the resolve to expend your own material and immaterial resources, then you both do not deserve whichever aspiration it is that you've made up, nor are you to find yourself at liberty of moving on to the next four steps.

You, at the core, must retain a nuanced essence so that you may have the capability of compelling the requirements that come into place, all the while understanding and submitting excess competencies for the purposes of progress.

Second, take those closest. It is important here to talk of who those are to be considered. Not all associated fall into this category, and certainly the initial requirement is asked of you once more. You are to embody your desire for the greater goal in each step you take as you lead life, for it is imperative to portray that desire to the people you add to your near collective. If they are of the competent sort, and you have done the aforementioned in a good manner, then they will understand what it would take to be a confidant of yours.

Once those two boxes have been checked, then you must be able to assess friend from acquaintance, as the former ought to be in smaller amounts and the latter not fitting for the grand design.

Now, two brief clarifications before I move forward with the tutoring. One, if your goal is simply underdeveloped and rudimentary, crude, then I would recommend you drop it altogether because you wouldn't have the necessary forethought to fulfil. I'm merely wishing for it to inevitably fail sooner rather than later so that you cause less collateral. I wish for it to fail on the second, if not the first stage, the second producing more nourishing outcomes as those you deemed companions turn their backs on you in disappointment, as you walk back to the cavern and reassess your ideologies. Point two, the road to perceived hell is paved with good intentions.

Throughout all of the five stages, you will hurt others, even if you do not; they shall see it that way, in ways before unfathomable and unforeseeable to you in terms of consequences. You must be vigilant; the hurt you cause can thwart your entirety, and then all would have been for nought — do not get hung up, do not retain bias, be disciplined. Level three, now the acquainted and a moderate portion beyond will face the brunt.

You must leap here, this is where you exude precision and detail, you sow seeds of gratification while holding on to the broader network. This will include everyone you know and everyone they know. Be sure to be candid in character and employ everyone's nature with intent. Do as you speak, and just as much, speak as you would do. Be ready to deal with those who oppose. In contrast to the prior phase, here you would greatly risk the chance of inspiring those who may

discover the nature of your doing and choose to be an obstacle. You must not fall for their bait and attempt to extinguish their sparks of nuisance; you must instead only acknowledge and retract tactfully. Here spread wide and thin, leaving parasites wherever applicable.

Four, be prepared to bring inexplicable damnation. I cannot begin to stress this enough, it isn't ever to be within your direct or even indirect capacity to specifically lean the scale towards the side of wound — that pendulum is supposed to have been swinging back and forth with total arrhythmia since the very beginning of the process. On this level, the greater populace is expected to get wrapped up in your doing, and many, if not done with care, most, will frown and puff. The discussions of dilemmas is to be considered much less at this point, and commitment must be at an all-time high.

The finale, all-encompassing. Here is where you are needed to make your life and humanitarian prospects available for the reap. Give all able so that the course of us shifts even if ever so slightly, permanently. There are too few who would legitimately earn a place within this bracket; most names that have gone down in history for one grand feat or another have landed on four.

Deliberate Decisiveness of a Fool

My fellow companions whom I fail to adore as you bring me to this place that compels me to resolve to belittling myself for the purpose of our group's endeavours. It is within my bestest of interests to remain concealed and hidden away from your eyes, no matter how watchful it is that they have been trained to be, for the purpose of a seamless venture.

Truly, as you stand deliberating, before me, I see a band of merry idiots that are a construct of some twisted, untimely loop; you are amounting to a total of nothing in perpetuity, up until my divine intervention. Worse yet, many times those within my company aren't even willing to take that first step. It is at that point that I find it to be most thrilling to chip in. You get a high from going first, suggesting something unkempt or outlandish — you see the mental of others contort in real time at the sensing of your literary vomit.

Augury of Lacklusterness

Your mother's sweet morning calls, your father's laidbackness as he runs an errand for you, your peers', colleagues' and friends' chitter-chatters on a daily and the taste of your toothpaste that never sat quite right with you throughout the entirety of your plastic life, they all have something in common. Herald, they herald the arrival of late autumn, of dust in dusk, when the leaves have grown mushy and ripped from rainwater and footsteps. Well, you had me fooled. I had almost jumped to the conclusion of your sagaciousness being a given, as it ought to have been within each, but no, no, it turns out that you had yourself fooled most of all in the thinking of your mastery over composure being profound.

The Red Zeigarnik

Full throttle on that youngin! Remember all you haven't done to do all you'll ever! Have I ever expressed how much pain and suffering I wish upon vandals? Or those who deliberately litter, I wish for the trash they toss out to be forcibly stuffed into them, for them to be likened to a taxidermied pig, or the former have their eyeballs spray-painted before whatever sludge is left is jammed right back into their eye sockets. Tangent over, though, and an exemplary instance of the effect

shown. The frequency matter is to be better ascertained, but I must temporarily conclude for the purposes of these here statements being made that it is hard to be sure of how often the happening of spontaneity manifests within a competent person as opposed to one not. Actually, willing to wager that it does so on very similar levels, it is just much easier for the proper one to both acknowledge and decisively engage with incomplete blueprints so that they are realised. The other sort of people, well, they won't even deliberate the matter, I'm afraid. This isn't one of middle ground as it is so both fleeting and recurring, at such unprecedented speeds every time, that we both may barely have grasp on the overarching concept rather than on each case individually.

And so, to those who've chosen to hold on. It is the wildest hydra you've ever had to face off against, one more rampant than whatever conspiracy theory the world believes in at the moment or dynasties that won't falter even as your great-grandchildren draw their last breath.

It is a most pivotal affair for your existence. Investigate and pry so that you may develop. Peel off those nails as you peel apart a clementine!

Eulogy

Am I gone? What happened? Ah, well, whatever.

If only I could nail an authentic New York accent, the above sentence would've been said in it. I suppose if this isn't found, then it was all quite for nothing, though if you're holding this, then at least parts of what I stood for can be preserved. These papers reflect much more than conquered hearts, anyway, you have to keep re-conquering those pests. I wish I could've lived longer. I did my time justice, but there's too much out there still left to experience.

Love at first sight, the hunting of poachers to mercilessly execute such evil, seeing my kids play on a grown tree which was once a sapling planted by me, getting trapped underground as I'm exploring the ruins of an ancient civilization, scaling K2, staging a coup d'état, escaping the harsh winter thanks to northern hospitality, toughing out torture, working as a police chief in some rural Midwest US town, not being disconnected from my extended family, having a good friend group throughout to enjoy all sorts of things together, endless sex.

And I say all that with longing, sure, but not with an intent to express dissatisfaction in the way that I had lived; it most surely was one much more noble and exciting than most of you. There is a bright side, an appreciation to be found in anything, however, and as such, I am no anomaly to wish for experience.

Cumbersome Entertainment

Oh, there are plenty of frustrations to bear the weight of when interacting with subhuman men and women. They are incessant in their ways of showing how absolutely hopeless they choose to be, and in your selflessness, you struggle with their outright disrespect towards your efforts. I prescribe to you a change of approach; this routine doesn't have to be institutionalised despite the greater part of us blindly repeating it.

You are to consider not quietly mocking those who fail but laughing out loud at them, indeed. You may start with laughing at the silliness of the entire before transitioning into the ridiculing of those who doom themselves, you would be

doing them a favour with the shaming — as it acts as the last opportunity for them to get it together. A word of warning, you are to always remain level-headed with these breathing, walking, speaking embryos due to their innate ability to gain that level of competence at any time, and if it is the case that they discover and attempt to utilize their capacity for growth, and you proceed to stump it in any contextual way, you are then less than what they were prior to enlightenment.

Integration < Assimilation

It always revolves around how human you are; you are either human or beast, mindless brute that poses a threat. If you are to be within my company, and you wished for it or found yourself to be forced in it due to circumstances, I needn't have the responsibility to consider; consider yourself lucky, you are within human company. If you, too, share this common trait of considerable importance, then I, upon acknowledging your unignorable presence, am to be more than just content with it, seeing as how you express consideration, intrigue and self-awareness. You show me kindness and expect for it to be reciprocated, it will, and there is an air of understanding that we are to influence each other now that we are around one another. Certainly, the influence varies in degree, but that is a force mediated by boundaries which are to be set easily with the help of our human tools, like a common tongue or the ability to prevent the resorting to inhumane means of expression.

Very good. This must happen. Because if it does not, then the other scenario plays out, and that is of pandemonium. You walk up to me, and prior to ever interacting with me you are supposed to also be proper in your approach, if you seem very much unlike the sort that I surround myself with usually, I

may be quite hesitant and for that you are at fault as that is something to be aware of as you engage with another actor for the purposes of building anything. If, upon the facing of my hesitation, you express hostility, no matter the kind, you have lost the game.

Trying to get in any of my graces requires you to not simply rely on your antics or habits, even if they have worked thousands of times in the past with people you have associated with prior to me. You ought not to keep up shields or a closed mind; you have needs, and I can meet them, but for that, you must show you are deserving.

You are to not attempt to change my way of living in order to accommodate your desires; the most you are permitted to do in that regard is enquiring and seeing whether or not I have the capacity of adjusting my ways for the betterment of your wellbeing. This is a given, you are to not act like an animal.

In the very same sense, besides one-on-one relationships, if you are to walk into my group of friends, my family or my community, you are forced by the humane to abide by all above.

The Seamstress and the Seamster

As the two sewed each other up into tight cocoons, the only things remaining unbound were their arms and the tiny holes they had torn with their teeth so that they may breathe.

What of this?

Say what?

The purpose of tethering, to whose end?

Well, ours, my love.

You are no man of mine.
Darling, that was but an expression. We did this to ourselves,
feel around your hands, what is it that you're holding?

A thread... and needle.

I needn't explain more, surely?

But this is absurd! I can hardly hear let alone see anything, I
can't move and every time I open my mouth wet strings fall
right into it.

Listen here, you're leading up to a discussion which mustn't
occur.

Why mustn't we address the salvation to our problems?

Not planning on heeding the 'director's' words?

This is imbecilic, this 'director' that taught us how to sew and
keeps replenishing the very means that keep us entangled isn't
even anyone we know.

Be sensible, we know them quite well, and yes, they do only
instruct and seem to feed into our keeping here, but what
makes today any more special than yesterday? What you are
talking about is simply an urge that shall go as swiftly as it
came.

I have a whole two things of note to tell you, mister. Who are
you to dictate what I want and who's to differentiate urges
from convictions?

Consistency and discipline, honey, the two blend together like
koi in a pond. I am to by no means prohibit you, nor am I able
to, from tearing apart your binds and facing the outer. This
'director' you spoke of, do you recall the tone of their voice?

The texture of their skin as their hand brushed up against
yours when handing you what you lacked? The weight behind
their steps as they came and went?

I won't fail.

I won't be here to find that out.

The Impotence of Man

It begs the question, to look but not act or act but without thought, that of whether or not you're subject to the subtle decease of the maggots devouring your brain as you continue walking and talking. For many of you, many of us are not harsh enough towards, because if we were, there'd be a cleansing, much like how you rid your house of rodents.

I wish for your children not to be entirely aware before you are run over and tossed into a mud pit; may their next guardians raise bright lambs without having to deal with subdermal trauma you've left behind.

There are far too many instances in our daily lives of such brain-dead activity: not being able to self-govern enough to return a shopping cart back to its station once its use is spent or pressing the pedestrian crossing button after it's already been pushed, as clearly evident by the sounds, people or lights around you, which you would've noticed had you even remotely made efforts to be aware of your surroundings you earwax-filled, naked-knee-groveling sack of organic waste.

Isle

The debate on warmongers, to my great dismay, does not constitute a matter of simplicity. Often, more often than anybody likes to admit, if war is waged on the appropriate entities, then it concludes a most resounding outcome. One where the threat or the potential of, is wiped off the face of the earth at the cost of only it and for the benefit of all.

Unfortunately, however, war is collateral, and the problem arises in the acceptance of that collateral. How many civilians are you ready to massacre in the name of serving justice to

terrorists? Just ‘a few’? A disproportionate amount and claim that leaving the evil be would’ve endangered far more lives than those you’ve ‘had’ to take? An indefinite amount, as you give the order from the comforts of your own estate, turning a blind eye on the atrocities committed in your name? And so, what if they are committed with your blessing? Does that weigh heavy on your soul, poor little fella?

The rule of thumb is, don’t do what you wouldn’t endure. ‘Non omnis moriēris’, your deeds, no matter who you are, ripple outwards and engulf entities you’d never be able to fully account for. That means not that you need now not do, and, of course, neither are you to take a lengthy time before making a decision.

Be

I demand you to be worthy of happening to me.

Punitive Mandates

The following is a little test to see if you’re able. I’ll even chew it up for you first: all must exist in fitting contexts; all must entail the whole thereof in detail.

The description states that we are not to cause evil if we can help ourselves, and by modern means, we are expected to be at a point where we can. However, that is not a just world, especially if you do not execute the conductor.

There are numerous logistical, none moral, problems that arise in the making of appropriate punishments not culminating in death, and as such, the simple solution is, death. For the most vile acts, no degree of leniency is to be considered.

For the absolute evil that is snuffing a potential future, especially when you are the guardian, and inflicting abuse upon a pure, curious and hopeful child, you are to be degraded to death. I may only hope that you find the energy to beg for forgiveness as your community takes it upon themselves to slowly break your morale alongside your bones over the course of a week, before you finally give in.

You are to experience a most hellish pain as those you considered friends or have prior loved, the family you were born into or the one you made, all find pleasure in dislocating your joints and creating unique bruise patterns all over your body. Atop it all, if a few rats start chomping on your flesh as parts of your body begin decomposing while you remain conscious, that would only be caveat.

For the capital crime of taking another's body and mind as if they belonged to you, and forcing them to partake in carnal acts for your pleasure, you are to be forced to do so too in a tenfold capacity. To be put on display for those wishing to see as it happens, stripped of any 'dignity' that you may have pretended to have had left, and then, as the final glimmers of life escape your eyes, you are to be suffocated to death.

In all these cases, the body is to be discarded in some unmarked hole, or even incinerated; you do not deserve any sort of memory. No matter the person you came to be, upon the committing of any such act, all you've done becomes public domain and is to be non-contiguous with you.

For the incessant and despicable abduction and sale of another, you are to be sentenced to death via labour. To be placed in a labour camp for an indefinite amount of time, provided the bare minimum for self-sustainability and perpetually recurring work. Knowing you will inevitably perish

and choosing when, all the while spending every other moment to be a statistic, should cause you grand psychological wounds.

Deliberate chronic sadism shall be reciprocated in a mirrored pattern; all harm you have done will be accumulated into one session and exposed onto you, with the final pain being great enough to bring your timely end.

Premeditated sadism, on the contrary, even that consisting of but a few minutes or seconds, desires a different response.

The thought experiment is to rid the beast, that couldn't hold back its innate ability for violence, of all mind, and subjugate it to the mundane. Turn them into useless monkeys that blend into the background just as much as a matchbox or a sick calf. We haven't the technology for such an advancement yet, and for much of this, nor do we have the frameworks in place, or the people willing to implement them. At the very least, not properly, but they do not deserve to be held in limbo until adequate measures are installed. God wasn't built in a day.

I am very happy to provide these trash with the freedom of choice! Of course, why would they all need to be subject to linear forms of serving for their deeds when we are expected to have the necessary capacities of provision?

If an individual passes an aptitude test, they can choose to forego their intended punishment and instead be experimented on. Medicine and new clinical endeavours shall be tested on them up until they are exhausted and discarded.

This solves a multitude of difficulties, such as animal models no longer being needed, bureaucracy surrounding the process

being lessened, the sample size being more diverse, and, of course, efficient with full-throttle dosages, which speed up development of cures and drugs.

Torture, of any sort, is to be replicated in the most similar parameters possible to the perpetrator and followed by a mercy killing if the victim could be saved, and an arduous and excruciating death if the victim passed due to the actions of the murderer.

The abduction of, mustn't be assessed through the lens of degree. Whereas the slavery was one-dimensional, the overarching forcing of an individual into trafficking and the subsequent identity erasure they undergo is no lightweight manner. You are to be lobotomized, turned into another brainless monkey and subject to a set of tasks that require nothing of you other than adequate movement and speech.

Become the embodiment of routine, feel no colour and see no warmth.

Destruction of property, including arson or the desecration of memorial sites or art, erasing the spiritual aspects of a community, is to be harshly reprimanded. Whether the crime induced collateral physical damage is less concerning, given the psychological toll it certainly brought about. At the very elementary level, such acts are a crime against the hopes and dreams of a people, thus another form of execution is to be employed.

The 'creativity' of punishment isn't a topic of discussion. The executioner would be subject to too much psychological turmoil if they had to also be the judge of all verdicts. The point is death, death and a symbolic nature as we transition

from our current state of society to one with merciless and instant termination. Symbolism plays a key role in population satisfaction.

Treason is to be regarded amongst the rest of these. For all these methods to be implemented with consensus, we'd need to reach a state of being where not only are the people proper, but the governments as proper as those they serve.

To that end, wishing to overthrow a system that works well at the expense of its subjects, is no good at all. Conspiracy equates to doom.

Cardboard Boxes

In great effort of contrasting recent gloom, and awe of the wonders we have proven to be capable of at a greater extent than those concerning the psyche, I wish to acknowledge art, and specifically architecture. It has been my greatest of pleasures to be able to indulge in certain types of structure and be graced by feats of worldly descent, and, of course, all the while it has been an absolute nightmare to be living in an age where the former gets thrown out of the picture for the benefit of materialistic efficiencies. Naturally, making sure the product is complete for demand is important, when that demand concerns life or death.

Unfortunately — very unfortunately, almost all the time that particular demand is lacking, which makes the hasty or bland construction of new buildings a crying shame. To create in such a manner is akin to using artificial intelligence to compose. Speaking of, an important word of notice, we are not at the point yet where the utilisation of such shortcuts is to be expected from responsible actors only; it is currently too widely accessible, and the greater toll cannot be burdened

upon the shoulders of those who evoke it. We still are biologically wired to take pride and appreciate competent work. When walking through preserved infrastructure, we are dosed with bliss and contentness. Much like when we know that an art, such as this book, was created entirely with the hand of man. Of course, once we, in a not-so-distant future, approach the greater forms of artificial intelligence, then the conversation becomes one of speciesism, which isn't adjacent.

Discernment

An observation of self is no obnoxious pursuit, nor is one of lastingness. Through a brief exchange with a friend, I've pinpointed exactly what it was that compelled my writing over the latter half of this book to be more concrete in complexion. The retaining of a singular headspace will cause all you say and do to be of that nature, of course. Your headspace experiences fluctuations at different levels throughout haphazard times that affect your outputs. Which makes me conclude that upon my return home and frustrations-a-many with everything life has to offer here, my poise took on a much more aggressive, condemning and negative appearance. Though it isn't something I find discomfort in, I love my whole.

My Wife

It is stunning to me, or rather not at all, that I find it hard attempting to describe such a phenomenon. You can go to a dealership and acquire the car that fits you best, tell your errand girl to fetch you the cake of your liking, and move to a place that puts your mind at ease — but the finding of your love life is dependent entirely on you with no externals able to provide aid through the undertaking of such a treacherous yet commendable quest.

I wish for her to smile often, the smile lifting the spirits of those who hold her in high regard. For her to carry herself well and be of character, it means that we are both sturdy, reliable, when it comes to matters of dependency — the latter meaning inner-authenticity and the qualities needed to channel it outward. Her conduct, thoughtful, bright and ambitious. For her to aspire for perfection as much as I, to be a tremendous example of the ‘competent’ human model, and to make me, for once, consider taking a bullet for someone.

Our daughter to have her eyes, and resemble her in ways unfathomable. For her to experience all desired, and those desires be disciplined. My little girl is to grow up in the most ideal and curated environment we could have ever brought about, with everything she needs in order to be proper and live a life worth living to be provided for relentlessly, and with exceptional quality, by my wife and I.

A People

There, to my amateurish understanding of the matter, could very well be biological differences vis-à-vis our human conduct and potential that arise depending on whom we are child to. However, to exasperated persons that prove the very coming point; we are all on one spectrum when it comes to humanitarian adequacy, and thus if one expected another to be on either side of it, they can find themselves increasingly disappointed to be proven the contrary, above all if one then notices an individual previously disregarded by them to catapult themselves into the counter side, then it becomes all the more the laughing matter. Second, for better and for worse, upbringing greatly does with one’s abilities, boosting some and crippling others.

Though it is good to remember! Two may grow up with only marginal dissimilarity yet be entirely different people! So really, just how ‘greatly’ are we talking? Anyhow, supposedly, there indeed are no ‘bad’ people; there are no people that need a particular approach or should be blatantly stereotyped. And so, I have done good and will now do further by etiquette.

If — everyone thinks that a people is bad, then they are bad. Simple as that. Everyone now considers the Nazis to be bad, yet when they were the most lionised, they managed to convince quite many that the Jewish population were the ones with the issues. Or prominently, global northwest of yore making it a given that people of colour were to be treated appallingly. This is, of course, a branch of the discussion about power dictating order, but that’s a given. The important takeaway is that if something is considered by the many or the powers that be, to be of evil nature, even if that something is a human life, then creating more discussion which surrounds it, paying attention to it or thinking of it only stirs plague.

Those who call the shots can also say what’s to be thought of as good. Stalin backed a crop scientist, who rejected genetics in favour of pseudoscience, which inevitably led to millions starving.

The idea is to be pragmatic. If a variable is causing mass discontent and you are able to get rid of it but unable to procure substantial grounds for its reassessment, then the short-term solution is to stick to what you can do.

Fanning the Gust

Obsession with a craft is behaviour exhibited not often enough to warrant another approach other than that of

conditional encouragement. In the case of a person showing traits of obsessiveness, so long as they're deemed to not be of harm to them or their environment (to an extent), they are not to be disenchanted or disheartened, and man who engages in such — is committing a crime short only of oppressing humanity's future.

Prestige

There's delicate balance to be sought out in the art of evolving the self with the self's help. What's shared next is only the mould I had taken in the process.

The opportunist: he has a very large, dark oak table with the sole purpose of covering a big surface area so that any chance which happens to fall from the sky lands straight onto it. The opportunist then picks up the envelope — and the more he does this, the better he gets at the craft — skims through it and eagerly adopts the conditions it requires in order to grant. Of note, the person must already possess a degree of critical thought and not subject themselves to responsibilities overbearing or unworthy of time.

The switch: this man, too is in possession of the same table the opportunist had started with. It provided him with enough experience to understand that opportunities fall off of it when there're too many things on top of one another, and that he can't possibly sift through everything at a decent enough pace. As such, he procured a few other tables too, of a different wood variety, so that they, in turn, attract more diverse opportunities.

Now, sure, this makes it so that it's a little harder to maintain all this potential, but what of it when the tables are expendable. He paces around the room with pep in his step and eyes all sorts of documents that arrive atop. The more he looks, the better he can judge whether or not he should pick one up and read it thoroughly.

There may be a third stage due later on; it's one of the many things to be discovered with age. But it is undeniable that clear growth does not occur without having gone through the lifestyle of the switch.

Common Confusion

You are allowed to kid yourself into thinking that for most methods described in this book, methods relating to the achievement of a most true and tried humanity, we are to embrace efficiency that would dissipate said 'humanity'. You are allowed to confuse yourself as such, thanks to a beautiful side-effect of our rich mind. Should you? No. No — and you need to watch your mind just as you should watch your mouth, so that you do not form any ill, symbiotic relationships between the collective's lack of intelligence and your personal, mandatory interests.

Brittle Yet Intact

My younger sister, I greatly await the day when we may be able to express honest and mutual respect for one another.

To my immense disappointment, you aren't in an environment that would tailor my expectations of you, and as such, I must simply sit aside as I let time treat your ailment. In you, I want to see a version of me, whether it is because we grow up under similar circumstances which compels me to wonder about the

difficulty and extent of the replication of conditions that must occur for the creation of another great person, or because you are my first child and I have an urge to pass on wisdom for those who come after.

Embracing Relapse

To fall back down and muster up the courage and strength is a mental feat available to us.

To fall then further and gather the strength once more anyhow is a privilege only we possess.

And so, it is imperative to tap into such gifts; this is as much of a blessing as our sharp senses or unparalleled ability to adapt, or whichever other trait and attribute we wish to elevate above other species.

You are a coward, a shy and fragile wimp in your attempts to circumvent such grand gestures of life. I see you leading a routine with pride, or not showing the appropriate level of enthusiasm when you encounter a diversion from your trends and habits. I may, as well, hold a grudge against you and your people, until otherwise convinced. It is joy-killing to come across such wondrous examples of training dummies.

On the Critique of Streamlining of Life

There is an array of new heights to be achieved once life turns into a carousel. Spin, after spin, after spin, people getting on with all sorts of hues on their teeth and eyelashes, reflecting endangered animals still being poached. It doesn't matter; if you get to that sweet level of stability, you can then bungee-jump off of it at will, repel down as you indulge varying degrees of addictions. Feigning lack of sanity for what?

I have not quite had a handle on this sort of delight. Not quite there yet, but undoubtedly a place worth trying to get to.

Orchestrated Puss

It is never worth the hassle. Do not complain, for it is a boring man's habit. There are blinding lights, deafening sounds, and heat that causes your health to suffer. There are draining responsibilities, psychologically detrimental surroundings. People you need to nudge in the right direction, consistently; those you cannot get rid of, despite their not bringing you much of anything. I may want to settle, may want to jump off a height that won't end my life, but cripple me and cause me pain — to scratch at my skin with such intensity that I tear it permanently. Most of all, I may want to welcome wholeheartedly and with a warm embrace all degradation of the mind, thinking it mustn't remain untarnished. I may need new ways of ruin to befall me, but not those found in textbooks or lab experiments, nor those conventionally utilised to pseudo-traumatise the psyche of antisocial or socially challenged pretend-humans.

Maybe.

Then again, maybe, I don't actually need or want any of that, with a handful percent margin of error anyway. To live in a world where making the most of our biological machine is scrutinised isn't a lifelong experience I'm fond of. Luckily for me, I am privileged enough not to get mauled to death as I voice my intention to the contrary, though the rhetoric is shifting further and further away from a preferable foundation upon which to build on, ergo, it only means that plans stall a little, but at attempt at some capacity will be conducted anyhow.

Mosquito Repellent

We are famed to be a product of our surroundings. Except those surroundings are often not a Shangri-La utopia, although I will be the first person to bring up their dynamic nature, they may not be paradise, but they can always be made. We mirror behaviours and prospects of people we consistently interact with, our mood changes based on our literal, physical environment, and themes hovering within our greater spheres of interlaced influences have a hold on our life goals.

To chip at, the people welcome to confront your methods are to be so only under your upright authorisation. They are to be put into positions of such power by you and regulated throughout their contractual lifespan. Fundamentally, they are to be able to exude to necessary extents, the right tendencies and stances to alter your way of being for the better, and your cut of the work would only come in where their foundation of launch cracks and needs a quick fix. You are to proactively prevent them, where possible, from enabling their hazards and dropping speed, not colliding head-on — that is reserved for solely themselves. Remove road bumps and clear out tumbleweeds, once in a while, even sabotage the signs so that they make a life-turn more beneficial. The greater the pace they roll at, the brighter your future in return and, in compound response, the finer their livelihoods.

Your whereabouts are next in line; for the majority of readers, they can be changed albeit with a large amount of difficulties. Not only, before making a commitment, there is an expectation to have a degree of understanding concerning which environments you are best matched with. The matchmaking isn't of linearity, at different points of your life, your environmental needs and wants are too. You may want to

seek out a calm and tranquil place only to wrongfully jeopardise your youthful energy that ought to be allocated into your early development, and conversely, even during your first few life stages, it may prove a psychological necessity to undergo a period of... not recuperation per se, but of prosperity of the mind, rejuvenation.

Surrounding discourse comes last. It is found embedded already within your chosen or given whereabouts, but can be modified still, stemming from your community circles, to the local and beyond. It is affected mainly by you and your entourage. The larger your involvement is within the circles that you either chose or formulated, the better the governance you have over the helm.

Potency

The chemical imbalance failed to be hazardous enough for the becoming of another arm within my arsenal. It appears to me that as far as poisons go, the potentous nature is lacking. I may seep into the vessels of those who flutter beside me and yet, as I show no conviction in the corruption of their minds, they retain levels of sensibility far too high for the imposition I bring to bear.

Wien

I saw this city in ugly winter, during a time of fierce, cold winds and snow unheard of. Amidst a bright and yet uncertain year of my life, I went there. I was troubled and alone as I explored the bustling streets, with my place of stay being unsafe.

Throughout my time there, I even made a detour into another city filled with little appreciation for me, blurring in this subpar experience with the purity that the city of music had to offer.

Yes, I wish to go back to it. In spring or early summer, when it is warmer and greener, with friends and comfort on mind, though alone, I'd mind not either. And then once more during the winter again, though all proper this time with a few snowfalls and a cosy stay someplace. And after all of that, I wish to even move there for a little while, becoming one with the local as I get to witness other travellers who wander about into this city and get mesmerised.

What a beautiful gallery it was; exploring it all on my own had its merits. Often with a single goal in mind, I'd venture into a brand new, uncharted direction and simply be in awe as I reached my destination. Around stood history, still visible and ornate relics in the shape of buildings, museums, shops and parks. The people I paid less mind to, but those that I did, which weren't far too few by any means, imbued me with a sense of tailor-made fittingness — weren't meant to be anywhere else. I wish I had the opportunity to befriend some Viennese folk. I had done my due diligence sightseeing, not only with the appreciation of fine music at the Vienna State Opera House or visit to the tucked-away criminology collection on Grosse Sperlgasse straÙe or even the pondering as I sat on a bench overlooking the large pond in Stadtpark, but the numerous roads, avenues and footpaths too which are carved into the city, led to near-therapeutic moments of repose.

Setting Sights

Knowledge of your stage of appreciation towards someone is a safety deposit box within a larger complex, to which only you have access to, no thief nor machine can ever break into this vault.

Now, while it is only you that can rummage through the contents, somehow, we often tend to forget the codes of entry, dumbfounded by the grand design as we waddle around it like deranged penguins acting like we've never dealt with it before. All that, right before we pop the lock on a box right next to one we pretended like we are unable to.

To have a grasp on someone as you struggle to appoint appropriate labels to another — is a weakness that has to be dealt with in accordance with vault regulations.

The key consists of at least six wards, with some adding onto themselves in an attempt to overcomplicate things and then beginning to rust when they fail.

To look at an individual's appearance, their outward look, how they present themselves to the world and the condition of their cover, and find it pleasing to the eye. The cover of man is one inherently reserving room for judgement. It is utterly foolish to take a stance of false iconoclasm in relation to withholding surface acumen.

A person's habits, and activities that break those, should be under observation next. What they do in their routine and how they transform that conveyor belt to adapt when ushering in unprecedented undertakings makes up the better part of their whole.

Even more so, what they say. Saying means thinking, albeit does not mean doing — yet if something is said, after much thought, then it is also done after much talk. How they say things and the tone, annunciation and timing used are of utmost importance in deciding whether they are worth your time or not, and unlike their clothes or makeup, this one needs to be examined for a little while longer before a conclusion is drafted.

Where do they find themselves? Are they in places of materialistic or intellectual luxury, or neither? How long do they remain in each place, and what is the sequence they abide by, the depth they employ?

And in the very same sense, who is it that they surround themselves with is too, crucial, notwithstanding the people around someone not always being in certain sync or paralleling them — even noting that perhaps a more competent person would find it beneficial to retain next to them, another who they'd never take an example from, but who can provide a perspective unimaginable — the matter of being who you're with is still prevalent. Which circles they are in, how diverse or contextualised, these are all to be taken into account.

Finally, their essence. Depending on the quality, transparency and condition of the person, but also your experience with the unwrapping of, this is the digit that would take the longest to uncover. Truly, it is also the one consisting of all the others, but that means not, that you are to be hasty in determining it. A grand enough person can be fairly complex in stance and substance. Though, you must also be wary of giving too many chances and time to any, this applies to all six keys of the sequence.

Counteroffer

No! No, they do not. And it pains me to say this, for it would be so easy and delightful to let it in, like chocolate cake. The sharp infatuation is the most dangerous of all, that flaming spark like a firecracker, the crush — another falling for you under most indescribable conditions and putting all their cards on display. In our day and age, we are convinced that — and mind you, unfortunately, that conception isn't founded on wisps — things must move fast. And so, in a Hail Mary, they let you know all about it and how they want you and make a move completely uncalled for and inappropriate. Succumbing to romance as such is like falling through a trapdoor into a pit of non-venomous snakes with heightened aggression.

The prior form of romance can evolve to its utmost potential after it meets a few conditions. Namely, that of it being fragmentarily invalidated but not altogether disenchanted. The evolution and subsequent lifespan is a matter of several months in most cases, depending especially on the target's quantity and quality of engagement with the initiations. This period is no less threatening than the last, attempting to create plausible deniability by showing stability, despite the lack of reciprocation up until the latter, is shown at which point the hook and reel trick's unveiled.

At length, are those lasting years. These are nought but peculiar, The Lovers arcana at play far out of its bounds. Once they realise, and at least to a degree acknowledge, your lack of willingness to provide for their unfair demands, they makeshift a key necklace and slide it under their clothes, making sure the locked box within which they stuffed their feelings from the first tiers is kept safe and sound underneath their bed. They

will be very satisfied with any means of maintaining some form of contact with you, and from time to time may subtly remind you of their original intentions as they play the long game. They can even go on to meet another and establish a bond with them, all the while you occupy a larger part of their hearts than their present link.

Such is the bittersweet reality of our biological wiring, and in the case of you choosing to be a bad actor, you are in position to immorally manipulate their outstanding emotions for personal gains.

Just because the other person is unable to control their desires concerning this theme does not mean that they should be puppeteered or exploited.

For all we've said here, it is always good to employ self-awareness simultaneously. Understand where it is important to reject such an enticing comfort and where it matters to explore it; some things are not too good to be true and are worth your efforts.

Semiotics

The imbecilic in our species, much to my unrivalled consternation, choose to prioritise meaning over fact, and thus interpretation and the discussion of, over reality and being. The label is as sturdy as the hatchet, certitude instead as flimsy as dry wood.

Truly, if the world was a village, and within it the majority was convinced of an opinion, then what would be most important — is theirs. That opinion they have will shape who they are and what they do, and if that opinion is as something as

intense as eradicating all those who oppose them — which isn't an extremity, that particular judgement is too often a culmination of various sorts of beliefs, especially arising after consistent and perennial disagreements — then, naturally, it becomes reality.

Matter of fact, everything that has ever existed is an interpretation; even physics make sense until proven otherwise, they just have the liberty of not being disputed as often as, for instance, social constructs. And so, the way something is presented is almost always prioritised over what it actually is; those exercising legal affairs will be the first to tell you. Next time you're involved in some vehicular accident, among your first actions, you should also consider whether you actually need to say the words 'I'm sorry'.

All are Privileged

We complain, though we really should not have the right to, given circumstances. We sit around all our lives cursing those 'more privileged' than us often to a point where we condemn ourselves to a bad fate in self-sabotage, which is an awfully pathetic thing to do. Is it not simply enough that you are here, of sane mind and healthy body, a creature intelligent enough to not be compelled by some biological instincts to act in a particular way and as such one that really can live a hundred lifetimes in one? That was a most rhetorical question; the answer should be yes.

Complain if you would like, though certainly do not let yourself be caught doing it as you remain complacent and inactive. We are all privileged enough as it is, and we go on to create dissatisfaction where none was ever intended to be bred. We construct all things that bring wrath-manifest onto

our moods as a species — this means that our elucidations of happenings is a great asset that is used by other failings of mankind to tamper with our mind as they submerge us with them while they drown, unless we understand its nature and use what it can provide to our advantage.

Encore

No two ways about it, the only proper action to be taken is the immediate. You are to, of course, not mindlessly act on, and instead spare all the necessary time to make a comprehensive decision, but you are to make it anyway. Ergo, I am before I think.

The only matter within the broader discussion here that necessitates confrontation is how long you're required to think something over before taking a course. What must be the conventional answer — and here I mean that it has to be, and not that I am observing it to be — is that you are to take the minutest. In conversation with another, not only do you often have something to say before they even finish speaking, but the most length you'd go to is either choosing to not reply or responding tit for tat within a matter of a few seconds. On the other hand, you can engage in elevated levels of discussion, including alternating topics and unnatural times of reply, but that would bring discomfort to the majority and, as such, is not to be underscored. Consequently, if you can be humane in conversation and act with timely restraint, you are by no means excused from hesitating for as long as people do in other matters.

Hoofless Horse

As it happens, nobody is entirely impartial and all harbour certain prejudices. This is an exemplary biological mechanism

developed over time, to experience and acquire wisdom to use when next encountering a similar circumstance. Luckily, we are also intelligent enough to, for the most part, disregard it if we wish — and we certainly ought to more often.

Paradoxically, the more we disregard it, the more we gain of it as we go on to be part of new occurrences that would have habitually been avoided had we tapped into this remembrance process and leapt to conclusions. And so, the adequate among us juggle balance when engaging with the world, situationally relying on what they know and leaving enough room for both what they wish to discover and the novel.

Moreover, there is still room for improvement. To approach a familiar instance with a mind deliberately free of the clutter of expectations, predictions, or contingency plans is to approach it anew.

Imagine reconnecting with a partner or a close friend after a good handful of years — you had known them very well, knew their behaviours and how to interact with them so that particular outcomes were more prevalent. Still, it is less about either of you having changed, for the core traits remain, even as all else gets a new coat of polish. Still, it is more about the significance of the time that has passed between your last and current interactions. You come to them charged with authenticity and reliability, with the potential density of the vacuum left by the passage of time between your encounters. This allows a level-headed, near-enlightened interaction to take place, one that stems not from prejudice, nor from its modified version, but from a third, equitable *modus operandi*.

Puzzling Vahz

There is always weakness to be found in the multifaceted, the fragmented.

The it that comes across not as a whole but as a multitude of pieces pulled together, all yanking in opposite directions — it is malfunctioned. An authoritatively malnourished entity that lacks genuineness and raises such concerns isn't anything to aspire for. This is true whether we are dealing with a single individual or a commonwealth. Hence, much like a united people can have the apex of identity, the world order, too, in the same breath. And while none have ever, nor are ought to endeavour anytime soon, conquered the entire under one — the next best pick is a band of truly sovereign powers. This has always been the case, and it is humanity's way of working miracles, with decisions left to a contest of interests and knowledge. That malevolent sage is surely a status not remaining unattainable, yet still one that could always do with conflicting forces as those force the mind to stay sharp.

The world can choose an alternative — and in combination with the sage and the council he is a part of, this one will bring the most potent, fathomable peace — there may also be an independent and autonomous paladin. One that abides by a particular code, and within which finds every answer for any question, and that answer always true.

The Good Neighbour

The watchful neighbour — the near nosy groundhog will provide irritation that wouldn't be expected to be welcomed on any given day or under any circumstance. However, having fine-tuned the meddling to a tee, it can be a most pleasant of experiences whether you are to be returning drained from a havoc-wreaking to rest, or hosting within your home a new

relationship. The neighbour is to be a pillar of support for events completely unpredictable until they are to transpire. Be it you needing to be lent an item of contingent importance, sheltered as misfortune befalls you, spent shared familial time with, or simply someone to whom you'd find satisfaction in offering an extra pastry box.

Of course, often neighbours do not live up to their neighbourly responsibilities. You must endeavour in choosing a competent neighbourhood. One that would have you not think twice about letting your child run around. One where all living aren't only harmless and fundamentally adequate, but also elevate your local social circle.

It is a form of temporary tribe, albeit one that is awfully durable. Unlike the friends you choose, the colleagues you end up with through career decisions or your lover; the person next door has too few expectations of you and is to act in semi-unconditional goodwill. They are to tell you if, from their perspective, routine has been broken, and you are to acknowledge their noticing but ought not to shun them for it, instead entertaining and updating. For these fine people not only observe your habitude, but the routine around you too — they may save you a lot of trouble if you save yourself the embarrassment of distancing.

Legs: Rampant
Gallop
Relentless Joint
Trauma

Catering to Heretics

Faith brings the mighty to their knees. It's ruination of the highest order, I say, a good narcotic to overdose on — in your claim otherwise you are to remain a creature of dosage and dim-wittedness. The foolhardy place their belief in things other than themselves or the material, only to get squashed under the weight of fatigued omens of truth.

Faith is to be used as it was always meant to be, to control others, or, the self. With its provision, you become the dealer of crumbs made up of misplaced dreams. I've nothing but respect for the handlers of such a volatile force. Unfortunately, a vast number of them make it their whole reason for being, which compels them to cheapen themselves in my estimations. Alas, those who retain balance within the power of the process that the manipulation of allegorical faith sets into gear aren't trifling.

Certainty beats doubt, subsequently faith, to a pulp. There's, of course, some merit to doubt — no thanks to all believers preaching nonsensical leech-juice aligning with the insecurities of all those who are doubtful of concepts — maybe consider that your idea is flawed then. The actual merit is found in the creation of temporary courage, stemming from unfounded faith, which comes only after the expression of doubt. That courage can always manifest in manufactured miracles. Besides that fleeting haven, however, it is rather moronic to reject certainty. We can never be certain of everything; to that end, chasing and confirming sureties will help you maintain a sustainable lifestyle.

Supposing there is a shape of higher power, you are undeserving of its blessings or recognition as soon as you begin to systematically surrender your own capacity to shift events — especially those concerning your own actions — to arbitrary, intangible and subjective concepts. Your relinquishing is no price worthy of ascension. To grant yourself an inclusive range of capabilities is to understand that most of them have no blueprint in conventional, materialistic teachings, due to their complexity.

Decomposition

Your heart — it isn't all there is to you. You are more than flesh and impulses, desires, urges. You mean to look me in the eye and say that your passion and emotions are what you let dictate your doing? If you're still developing, perhaps I may make room for a temporary oversight, albeit nought without hurrying you to elevate your status.

You are no animal. Yes, science and contemporaneous curators of affairs won't hesitate to boil you down to the bits and pieces you truly do consist of. Still, there is an obnoxiously obvious expansion accessible to us thanks to our cognitive capacity. The greater the biological complexity of the mind, by all intents and purposes, the greater the scale of achievability, as it is proportional.

Preserving, reproducing and amplifying the potentiality of these traits, keeping them not dormant but blooming uncontrollably, is very important. Much like a healthy physical state is paramount, when it comes to the mental, even if it is tangled and knotted to a hardly account-for-able point, there are nevertheless thresholds to get behind in clearing.

One of those — is having control over the balance or lack thereof concerning principal sectors of the self, such as sociality, volition, perception and so on.

Free will stands as an accessible path; it is to be seen as such in its pursuit, though, within its obtainment, one may find it to be rather a consistent stream of energy fuelling the apparatus that is the individual ego rather than being some trait-in-demand.

Collective Suffrage

A most unifying experience is that of enduring a paramount tragedy beside a friend, fiend, or stranger. As said, a friend or foe can also be a danger. Found within the endurance of pain alongside another is a bond like no other, that of assimilated grudge. It can, albeit often temporarily, erase history and prejudice to make room for action, both destructive and reconstructive.

Your Laugh

It must be said that each time you feel joyful enough to laugh, I am at your mercy, as whatever sound comes out is that of unfair harm to me. Whichever disadvantages you've taken on during the course of your lifetime, or were born with, when visible on your body and through your behaviour, make people sick with the thought of having to have one such as yourself around them.

Having chosen not to indulge the growth of the acquisition of your wisdom, you remain behind not only those within your age bracket or living through similar circumstances, but also those with far less than you. No one fights for your adoration, for your attention. Your communities disapprove of you; your

character is of no quality. These catalysts, dynamic as they are, aren't to be repelled or ignored by you, and of course, neither are they to be embraced or somehow allowed to thwart your ascension. In the ever-changing climates we live in, they must always be considered with reflexivity.

Living Livid

To the many that choose to cede powers within, knowing well they're there, in the face of turmoil: you are the problem. No excuse is to justify why you've decided that something well within your control is somehow not, letting it affect your life and the well-being of those within it.

Pressure Forms

To be pondered: as we've already established that, within situations of crisis, variables must be altered each time the stress recipient wishes to prosper further, what must next be considered are the limits of improvement under the broader umbrella of each separate stress test. All scenarios have an experience limit; a well-burdened party (one that understands the capacity of capability before reaching the threshold) will consistently outperform the opposition in the race for hardening.

Misplacing Will

We ought to mobilise when seeing a great one steer from their path of righteousness. On one hand, if they were as great as we had thought of them to, they wouldn't have chosen wrong. Then, on the other hand, we are subject to influence. I wish to lament the ones that stray away, and may I be struck down by a truer one if I dare expend too many efforts in their recovery.

Biology

Far too much has been manifested into our being that is of absolute and utter uselessness. One of the core drivers responsible for the creation of debilitating social concepts is that of sex, and as a result of gender, due to the intertwinement of the common man. There are two — that of the female and the male; anything that goes beyond is abnormal and ought to not ever even be considered, given the contemporary human condition. The present milieu should not encourage this sort of discourse, and those who seek it anyway are merely misplacing their potential and acting oppressively.

Die Neckarinsel

We both agree on a separation between the consciousness and the sub, though perhaps I lean more towards a need for separation, whereas you would underscore its primordialness. The background within isn't something to be really understood or tamed in our lifetimes; it'd be a waste of effort. For humanity to evolve, it must be able to control its climactic gates, the decision-making mechanism; claim ownership over ourselves, exercise authority, and cease being some subhuman meatbag.

Once you accept that the subconscious is its own apparatus, you understand that there isn't an excess of work that must be done for you to succeed in my prior recommendation. Furthermore, once you do triumph, you'd be able to work on the influence of the unknown: something which my dear friend had neglected to discuss with me and which I won't pester her about in this memoir, yet something of utmost importance.

The incomprehensible, mean-machine operating within you, which nudges you to act in specific ways or choose particular outcomes over others, is not capricious or erratic. It is more like an unmaintained communication channel. You, yes, you can transmit, in quite an intelligible manner, your desires and wishes to it through your actions. Those actions can be of the mind or the body; they are how you speak, move, and think in relation to, or in reaction to, external forces, or your own. And this transmission is entirely within your domain of capacity, meaning you can have complete control over it — thus, the more control you exercise (and of course the more frequently you do it), the more influence you have over the subconscious. What occurs once you have a large amount of leverage is that whichever options enter your conscious state, originating from the sub, are based on your prior governed decisions. The communication between the two sides then mimics an asymmetric dialogue.

On Settling

In your choice of mate, you may only find yourself ultimately facing two choices. You either stick to the standards, qualities and expectations you've polished throughout your lifetime (and this matters plenty in intertwining with the quality of your character, you are not to be unwavering if your character is of lacklustre quality) or you may 'settle'. There is a particularly heavy social pressure laid onto you to maintain a level of dignity, that is, to not be unreasonable in your choice of partner, which proves to be a casualty of setting your pride aside and starting something with a person you wouldn't have had they not. If you choose the latter, what's to follow is boredom, a safety net and degradation of character.

Reach High

The dragon is a near-perfect creature; to want to be a dragon is to want to be a human with distinction. To be one means to be not only capable, but also willing to commit the most extraordinary kindness as easily as you would find yourself enacting the most outrageous evil.

Antagonising

Bad men persist. This means you have enemies, which means you have people that must be rid of, for peace. The grander your goals are, the closer to altruism they lie, the more people must go before the final solution.

So, when dealing with these pests, the strategists among us will employ a preventive learning approach. Do not welcome mistakes from them; mistakes create setbacks, indeed, but also foster growth and pattern recognition. Therefore, leading on and luring unhappy forces into a potential learning without the actual provision of one is the most appropriate method of approach, to create restlessness within them and if not deter them from further meddling, bring orderly damnation.

Repetition, Retribution

Mistakes are commonplace, even intentional ones. I am not one to support being awfully forgiving, but that must also always be contextualised.

You may have been bullied, abused and hurt in ways o'plenty - — if I were to find you defeated after such behaviour, then I would not blame you much. Nevertheless, if after quite some time, and this time should not exceed twice or thrice or such the amount of time that had been used for the purpose of causing you pain — if I were to find you: making the burdens

you've endured your personality, self-sustaining a pity-party, still seeking vengeance or anyhow engaging in actions that do not entail a transitional aspect, then I'd underscore you as a failed case.

It is not our purpose, nor one that could be considered close to the true one, to fuel these sorts of actions for longer than necessary. If you have a surplus of weight, are judged for it, work through the turmoil of shedding it, then show off for the purpose of either replenishing any confidence reservoirs that are dried up or any other, but ultimately use your metamorphosis as some sick excuse to keep claiming an achievement of enlightenment — then your utmost potential has been reached, and it remains unimpressive. You're now left unambitious (and inambition generates ill interests), and despite the early leaps of success, you are a total let-down and perhaps the very people who had caused you significant agony in the past are actually worth more if we were to measure them in the same manner that we had done to you.

Overproduction

We live in a world where all consume; it can even be argued that nobody produces more than they consume, and, of course, most who produce are of similar alignments. This must only mean one thing: production must be consistent, collective, and charged.

Consistency simply means that it mustn't ever entirely come to a halt, as that would spell the vanishing of the human condition. And the charge... symbolic, ideological, moral, etc. Humanity has to avoid echo-chambering. The brewing of ideas, even of poor ones, so that they may contrast and filter with better ones and create clarity, is life.

No time soon are we to reach the next evolutionary level; as such, we are still privileged enough to be in a sandbox.

The next level, as discussed in depth throughout my texts, is hardly fathomable, but it would undoubtedly entail a harmony hitherto unseen. Until then, we need to avoid disguised dissonance. No yielding of discourses, no ignorance of debate or abandonment of dialogue.

And yes, let me exclaim, as said prior, in a room of pacifists, there has to appear a killer. In a party upholding democratic values, a dictator-in-anticipation needs to make themselves known. In a network of elites, an outlier ought to be willing to either topple or amalgamate.

In contemporary concord, something erroneous is always afoot.

In making such a covenant, we aren't to ignore that a gross surplus of production may have already been achieved. However, it stands to be of such irremediably poor quality that it was not even considered in my initial calculations. The slop coming out of replication has either no innovation or stays within the provided guidelines.

Weighing the Scales

There are various methods of approach, many elementary, for the false betterment of self, which can in turn lead to an actualisation and solidification of authentic betterment. One internal coercion mechanism is giving yourself pride-adjacent complexes, such as the superiority trait, which can range all the way to godhood. With appropriate engagement, you will start to feel the need to add credibility to such claims, which will lead to your complexes dissipating in a happy middle as they meet the rising empiricism.

Another I can offer is that of life-worth deliberation. Doing this both internally and subsequently alongside people who can speak for your character is advisable. You are to pass judgements on your life's prospects, P and accomplishments A as a cumulative value of worth W , and compare with the human potential HP of another entity (creature, individual, group, etc.) to better title yourself and judge the competence of your feats and capabilities.

What follows is, in contrast to the entirety of my prior work, a number-heavy exercise. In this way, you can don an expedient lens as a guiding light through this unorthodox trial.

Relative Worthiness Calculation Framework (Competence Test Segment):

Legend:

Whole numbers: P, A, T, C, D, I, IC, RA, SC, HM, CL (except CL can also be fractional)

Decimals allowed: S, W, W*, W**, W_(final), CI

Floor intermediate multiplicative products to the nearest whole number before applying $\sqrt{()}$. This keeps the calculation manageable and prevents overly precise, meaningless decimals.

Each variable has a suggested range to keep calculations realistic and comparable. Values outside these ranges may produce distorted results:

Variable	Suggested Range	Explanation
P (prospects)	0 – 100	Your subjective sense of life prospects
A (achievements)	0 – 100	Self-assessment of accomplishments
T (temporal significance)	1 – 10	How much it matters over time
C (contextual relevance)	1 – 10	Environmental/relative importance
D (difficulty)	1 – 10	How challenging the achievement was

I (intent quality)	1 – 10	Purpose vs luck
S (stability)	0.5 – 2	Penalty/bonus for consistency
IC (innate capacity)	1 – 10	Raw potential
RA (resource access)	1 – 10	Tools, money, networks, etc.
SC (sociocultural leverage)	1 – 10	Influence from culture/social connections
HM (historical momentum)	1 – 10	Pre-existing advantage/trajectory
CL (constraint)	0 – 10	Penalty factor for limitations

Base Worth-Value W , start with the sum of you: $P + A = W$

Due to the imbalance of importance between all your p (standalone prospects) and a (standalone accomplishments) we are to introduce: T temporal significance (how much they matter across time), C contextual relevance (the environment and how it has/may amplify or suppress them), D difficulty coefficient (how hard it was to achieve a) and I intent quality (whether you acted with purpose or luck).

Multiply the base worth across these weights:

$$W^* = W \times (T + C + D + I)$$

S stability modifier (how consistent your performance is) with
s instability being a penalty:

$$W^{**} = W^* \times S$$

G (geometric growth factor) to compress multiplicative
interactions into a single $= \sqrt[4]{(4 \times T \times C \times D \times I)}$

$W_{\text{final}} = W^{**} \times (1 + G) \rightarrow$ The + 1 ensures that if G equals
0, W_{final} still makes W^{**}

Entity potential is to be broken down into raw components.
HP consists of IC (innate capacity), RA (resource access), SC
(sociocultural leverage), HM (historical momentum) and CL
(constraint level), penalising total HP.

$$HP_{\text{final}} = \sqrt[4]{(IC \times RA \times SL \times HM)} - CL$$

RS (relational standing) would be your expanded worth
divided by the entity's HP, meaning:

$$RS = W^{**} / HP_{\text{final}}$$

$$CI \text{ (competency index)} = HP_{\text{final}} \times RS / W_{\text{final}} = \\ HP_{\text{final}} \times (W^{**} / HP_{\text{final}}) / W_{\text{final}} = W^{**} / W_{\text{final}}$$

Numeric Example:

$$W = P + A = 40 + 60 = 100$$

$$W^* = W \times (T + C + D + I) = 100 \times (5 + 7 + 6 + 8) = 100 \times 26 = 2600$$

$$W^{**} = W^* \times S = 2600 \times 1.2 = 3120$$

$$G = \sqrt{(4 \times 5 \times 7 \times 6 \times 8)} = \sqrt{(6720)} \approx 81.98$$

$$W_{\text{final}} = W^{**} \times (1 + G) = 3120 \times (1 + 81.98) \approx 3120 \times 82.98 \approx 258,993$$

$$HP_{\text{final}} = \sqrt{(9 \times 8 \times 7 \times 6)} - 5 = \sqrt{(3024)} - 5 \approx 55 - 5 = 50$$

$$RS = W^{**} / HP_{\text{final}} = 3120 / 50 = 62.4$$

$$CI = HP_{\text{final}} \times RS / W_{\text{final}} = 50 \times 62.4 / 258,993 \approx 0.012$$

Interpretation Table:

$CI \gg 1 \rightarrow$ you've outdone the entity's HP significantly

$CI > 1 \rightarrow$ your total competence outruns the entity's total HP

$CI \approx 1 \rightarrow$ you are operating at parity with the entity

$CI < 1 \rightarrow$ the entity's HP eclipses your realised worth

$CI \ll 1 \rightarrow$ you are very far from being worthy of superiority

Narrative Example:

To demonstrate the intent of this framework, I have selected two prominent contemporary actors to enter our testing grounds. Albeit asymmetric, although intentionally so, Donald J. Trump and the Papal institution, the latter currently represented through Pope Leo XIII. The idea isn't balance or fairness, but instead stress-testing this framework under pressures it was made to withstand: power and radically different forms of scale. The framework's priorities do not entail calculating personal virtue, moral worth, or even popularity. It exists to assess realised competence (W^{**} , W_{final}) relative to potential (HP_{final}), and that potential can be both individual and structural. A distinction like this is quite decisive in institutional cases.

Thus, The Donald here will be treated as a personal political actor. His influence and prospects are fundamentally tethered to his own agency and continued presence (both literally and metaphorically (here we count A, P, I & S)). Now, in contrast, the Papacy is not a single man but a civilizational office whose occupants are temporary stewards of a historically entrenched structure. As such, Pope Leo does not correlate to the substantive source of the Papacy's capacity, and is instead an illustrative anchor of sorts. The human potential (HP_{final}) in this case belongs overwhelmingly to the institution as an actor and not the Pope.

The clarification addresses an earlier-raised concern about whether the framework might, in this case, underrate Trump or artificially inflate the Papacy. Yet not. Trump scores relatively high by any reasonable standards ($W = P + A$). He exhibits substantial achievement accumulation (A), wide-ranging impacts reinforced by contextual relevance (C) and a

plethora of ongoing prospects (P) for influence. The framework recognises this through a high-worth baseline (W) and a powerful amplification effect driven by visibility/contextuality (C), temporal concentration (T) and intent quality (I).

However, the framework was also made to penalise incessant volatility. His political trajectory is characterised by sharp reversals and outcomes that fluctuate dramatically depending on circumstances or timing. These alerts are reflected mainly in the stability modifier (S). This doesn't negate his competence (W^{**}), rather situates it. Stability in this design functions as a moderating factor, not as a moral judge. High variance simply reduces long-term consolidation.

By contrast, the Papal institution demonstrates an exact opposite profile. Its competence is not expressive or disruptive but cumulative. The influence it exerts is not amplified by some spectacle but preserved through continuity. Centuries upon centuries of doctrinal authority and ritual legitimacy contribute to sociocultural leverage (SC), historical momentum (HM) and resource access (RA). Together, these produce a form of potential (HP_{final}) that largely remains independent of individual performance, thereby replicating institutional capabilities, whether or not the acting Pope is charismatic, detrimental, or forgettable. Norms here are shaped generationally.

This then explains why the Papacy's Human Potential (HP_{final}) appears numerically modest at first glance and yet dominates the comparison. The framework intentionally avoids infinite or otherwise symbolic scores — institutional constraints are within real-world limits, and fragmentation and

historical inertia are represented, of course, in part, by constraint level (CL). Still, even a conservatively bounded score reflects something that Trump can't access as an individual actor: self-renewing authority embedded in structural continuity (HM, SC). The Papacy doesn't have to win elections, overcome any personal scandals or maintain constant public attention to retain its functions. Its competence, while slow, runs deep.

Let's begin the wrap-up. The comparison here yields a sharply asymmetrical Competence Index ($CI = W^{**}/W_{(final)}$). This doesn't imply that Trump is insignificant or defective; the model classifies him as a high-amplitude actor, capable of extraordinary short to medium-term impact driven by elevated T, C, and I. What it does deny him, however, is equivalence with a millenia-spanning institution whose power relies precisely in its resistance to personal disruption and low dependency on individual stability (S). While Trump does exercise stewardship over the U.S. executive branch, which is a structure that confers resources, reach and procedural leverage (RA, SC), this structure is temporary and highly sensitive, unlike the Papacy's self-reinforcing Human Potential ($HP_{(final)}$). His access to institutional boons is therefore derivative and fragile, something which is reflected within the framework by maintaining a low CI despite a high individual W^{**} .

Another concern that could've been raised here is the low comparative index ($CI \ll 1$). A system that placed contemporary political figures near parity ($CI \approx 1$) with civilisational institutions would be analytically unserious. The framework presented herein is explicitly biased towards longevity, institutional memory (HM) and structural

persistence (SC, RA). It rewards entities that continue to function even under tumultuous circumstances. This differentiation can naturally also take place between individuals, too (entities that are two of a kind and not of different grades); a person with perennial success patterns compared to one without would be rated higher, much like an institution achieving the goals it pursues as opposed to one riddled with controversies and stagnation.

In a layman's fashion, The Donald moves history by force of personality (so high A, I and C moderated by S), leveraging in turn a structure that exists but isn't able to self-perpetuate. The Papacy moves history by outlasting personalities (high HM, SC and institutionalised RA). The case underscores the framework's core diagnostic strength, the separation of visibility (C, T) from durability (HM), impact (A) from embedding (SC), and agency (P, I, S) from structure (HP_{final}). It goes on to show how an individual can be simultaneously highly competent (W** elevated) and yet dwarfed by an institution whose power lies not in brilliance but rather survival.

There's discomfort by design. A central claim of the framework is forcefully confronted: that modern political relevance, no matter how intense, rarely competes with the competence accumulated over centuries. This sort of claim can be disputed philosophically, but the framework ensures it is articulated consistently, without any rhetorical sleight of hand. This example neither flatters nor romanticises either. While the framework is illustrated here using Trump and the Papacy, its principles are fully general and can be applied to any individuals and enduring structures across contexts, measuring realised competence relative to potential rather than popularity, morality or fame.

Further Discussion Includes:

Additional thought and deliberation can contort and expand the grief apparatus to something akin to a ruse. Adding multi-system aggregation or exogenous dynamics and time/context modifiers can push the model's capacity, thus, in theory, and after much varnish, build something capable of more accurate calculation. However, that is not only beyond my scope of expertise (even though it is within my area of interest), but also unimportant within my philosophy. Numbers cannot make up for all, and much less so, explicitly, the goals in pursuit outlined in this work of mine. This instance of usage was intended solely for the purpose of explaining to people whose cognitive processing relies more heavily on left-hemisphere functions.

Imanity

The sheer volume of wonders occurring at any given time is comparable to all snowflakes in a blizzard, clashing, coalescing. A ‘wonder’ is an innovative thought, even if not shared or acted upon; a surge of a particular emotion to a heightened level; an exertion of control over behavioural patterns. Our very selves seldom reflect on these ‘wonders’ — and so, attempting to understand that not only people close to you, or people you know of, but even those you think poorly of or will never interact with, are filled with the capacity to tap into their ‘wonder banks’ is not only exhilarating but also wholly frightening.

Much like one would refrain from delving deeper into the root causes of trauma, or perhaps avoid pursuing the truth behind a conspiracy, this is also something that would be advisable against. This exploration of the hivemind. Consider it temporarily and at frequent intervals, based on context; in simpler terms, be kind to others, but do not let it confine your mind.

Involuntary Transfer of Title

The title was lawfully extinguished and subsequently transferred, severing the original owner’s rights despite non-consent. It is an unfortunate state of affairs, given that it happened under an umbrella of legality, but so be it. The issue at hand mainly arises once the bona fide purchaser decides that they wish wrath upon the tenant at sufferance and, on top of that, makes egregious claims that some unreasonable reason or another backs this act.

It is fine to exploit loopholes; their being is fair game, what becomes difficult to justify, however, is the incessant

exploitation of them at the cost of the well-being of another — especially if the benefits provided to you in return are disproportional.

Weltschmerz

It isn't to be disregarded that the methods I endorse are those of radical universalism... Revolutionary humanism, perhaps. And that implies much risk in their pursuit, the weak-minded basking in the opportune power they may provide instead of visualising the excellent, glorious 'encounter' at the end. Along the way, politics need to be aimed at management, not liberation, as we drag the frameworks of yore through the mud to keep subordinates at ease. And in the end, I'm not one to relentlessly contest the human factor; it is flawed but not inherently wrong. This means that everything humanity has led up to is already what works; therefore, it must be retained in some capacity, reconstructed rather than torn apart.

On Quantum

My, what a fascinating discipline this is, amidst a rubble of unnecessary fields of study. Perhaps the ruling community ought to commit fratricide, insofar as this distils the mind-of-many who wish to tether themselves with commitments to specialities that consist of made-up use.

Selling Doctrine

Whichever way of life you find yourself living in, constantly (and assuming you wish to), it is good to be able to explain it well to others. Be it a distressing one, or one rather unwelcome by the greater environment that it finds itself in, you have to survive, and not just by the skin of your teeth, but substantially, and thus a good way to go about bringing your milk and honey is convincing others they're you.

And so, your own doctrine, first, is to be assessed. Can it be enforced, should it, when/where, and for what purpose? If you've reached competent conclusions, be that doctrine mass fraud or deathly selflessness, you can now take steps towards its implementation.

The when and how of those steps are something I'm unwilling to get into due to time constraints, but I can comment on their scale. The doctrine, first and foremost and for quite some time, until you've managed to engulf others anyhow, is directly connected to you through an umbilical cord system. This will mean its untimely end at your perishing, so in preaching it, do not do so at inequitable-to-it self-hurt. For example, if your doctrine is to bolster societal confidence, then you must create leaders. A quality leader will be able to produce a facsimile. But quality leaders are not usually panoramic, especially in the hibernation stage, within which they're often found nowadays. So, your approach needs to be premeditated, but approaches can have a broad scope: from not jumping into line after seeing the body of another twitch in initiative, letting their mind catch up, to lifting others in a group who, after observation, seem to have substance to add, yet hesitate. There are an awful lot of habits to employ in this particular doctrine implementation; the only thing left in question is your durability outlasting the requirements of doctrine projection. Mind you, if you lower the requirements for the purposes of remaining intact yourself, then you weren't meant for anything in the first place, and whatever doctrine you've convinced yourself was worth fighting for is a swindle.

Additionally, the selling of your doctrine is something fluid. Depending on what it entails, I urge varying degrees of caution in any of the aspects of doctrine opulence.

Humanity's Useless Innovations

In travel, it is scandalous to have a surplus amount of means, and those means to be overexposed. There is no need for multiple bus stations on the same access road. Luxury vehicles that show status rather than being efficient are also questionable.

The fashion industry has been going off the rails for far too long, also, not with reselling products under a brand label, gender-neutral micro-trends, fast-fashion, ripped jeans, and generally ugly clothing that's made for the catwalk only to be unusable by any social group. And while I do appreciate some actual fashion sense, it is scarce in comparison to the total wreck of a perpetual craze over silly garments.

The tech world is a pioneer of questionable products. Subscription-based-everything is happening, AI-powered lamps, garbage cans, rugs, what? Sex robots and VR's digital narcotics, imagine.

Stress or fidget toys, designer water bottles, weird, mystery experience boxes. NFT art (pleased that it has not prospered more than it did already), to my great dismay. Won't be getting into contemporary art as a whole... being a joke.

Limited-edition snacks, bubble tea, over-engineered avocado stuff, or deplorable ingredient alternatives. Going to a cafe and seeing a pumpkin spice latte on the menu, anything to do with matcha or even a flat white pretending it's not just coffee and milk... All this doesn't upset or infuriate me, just reminds me that we've taken too many liberties as a species and lost the point somewhere along the way.

Depth of Delusions

A piece of advice I found worth giving is getting comfortable with lying. Yes, it is still taboo to speak of it as a tool to be used for good, notwithstanding ‘white lies’ being commonplace for quite some time already. But in our day and age, especially so, lying can turn cogs better than most other mediums. Forasmuch as the grace of nepotism and structural deceit make themselves present, a handy feint can add to a snowballing miracle.

I must add that lying with no good reason, no competent reason, isn’t something I’m encouraging at all. Do not lie to your partner so that you may cheat. If you wish to cheat, then break up before or right after — you mustn’t lie to yourself as a way of postponing betterment by way of self-deception, and you ought not lie if you wish to gain but not provide thereupon.

Elementary Theories

We are past the contemporary age where simple theories should be accepted into the main discourses. Race essentialism, even within a broader biological determinism, is hardly anything to stand on. So is class reductionism. Cultural monocausality is a little more durable solely because many still choose to believe in it, but, much like the first theory put on trial, this too, should make room for more advanced frameworks. Psychological shortcuts like trauma-only models are a little more complicated for me to critique, primarily because I’m an advocate of rational actor theories (albeit impure forms). Yet the former has been exploited for justification rather than explanation.

There are many more. Some can make things very straightforward, and a people can adopt them on the way to those that entail multi-storied frameworks. After a time, any standard theory always needs to evolve or be disregarded in favour of a more comprehensive one.

Unreal Reality

The manmade horrors of virtual reality must be embraced. It is an opportunity among opportunities. Seeing and talking with the dead, leading up to touching, in any case, this is an unwieldy gateway, yes, one that can bring about dystopia. Though it may also serve as atonement, in the scarce happenings we may undergo thanks to it, we may grow desensitised enough to repair them and undo the demons manifest upon the earth we live on.

There are other applications, of course. Rehabilitation may be pioneered with its help: radical, enforced rehabilitation. Psychosis may be induced, for one reason or another. On the other hand, I fully acknowledge the plentiful beneficial approaches, just don't name them. It is a toy like the rest of them, small arms, thermonuclear bombs, to be used more often though.

Tinskins

The welfare state is its own bane only because people exploit its kindness. Should such behaviour be eliminated, we would live in paradise! (The 'how', a book-wide discourse). And with the rise of automation, a universal basic income would be one of the more appropriate first steps for society or a nation to take.

Then, assuming people are competent, everyone will be able to choose where they wish to dedicate more time, given that their mandatory work is reduced and becomes more targeted.

Assuming a people aren't, however (yet not allowing the worst to enter discussion (that of people-parasites)), we would have a crisis of work bias — the choosing in abundance of professions. Professions are becoming a to-be-abused substance rather than a means for healthy fulfilment. In the end, regulatory frameworks might still need to be put in place, which might render the idea of free choice redundant, subsequently somehow looping back into the game we're now playing, just with added competition from a separate species of metal.

Граница

There's reason for control of entry. Reason in profiling. You wouldn't let a bloodied bride into your house just as much as you wouldn't let a child with a gun. Wouldn't think twice about letting in someone asking politely and with reasonable justification, as well as a frail in need (those of us normal anyway).

Yes, it is misused, mainly because it is often the case that people who are to pass such judgements are unable to do so appropriately. Thus, implementing a transparent and proper array of checks and balances can make a difference. For instance, quotas or examinations to limit an influx of one particular identity over others or to ensure that duplicity is no entry ticket. Everything else comes after: the place-in-demand can work on alternatives only if it isn't busy trying to maintain a disproportionate surge of irregularities/anomalies at an inconsistent rate within.

Surround

Cut off dead weight in circumstances, even when you're not sure of how to tend to the wound. If you notice an extensive gash occurring on your person due to a place, happening, or people you engage with, cut and cauterise.

Weak Power

I believe I've written on the weak congregating to be a thing of good, as they will tear at each other with no progress. There have been advancements, however, that I failed to highlight. For instance, a simultaneous criticism of the strong. This parallel push can dynamically shift the weights to levels unkind to all. It is not particularly wise to replace the strong with the weak (as often is argued); the latter group is hardly capable of agreeing on their strongest to don the power mantle competently.

There is also the matter of an overwhelming number of rotten-brained individuals simply advocating for the praise of those within their ranks who are undeserving. This too must halt.

Humility

Acknowledging moments of growth at a speedy rate may render them entirely useless. Worse yet, walking into any situation with the expectation of a learning outcome might be one of the most useless things one can pursue.

This, of course, stands only if left unexplored. Upon the understanding of, one can then better target the desired learning outcomes.

Hallucinatory

To unburden the mental, and perhaps even the physical in turn, one can pursue the deliberate foregoing of acquired wisdom of oneself in relation to others. Erase evidence of your existence. Be rid not of moments particular in upset or glamour, but those that symbolise hardly. With the erasure of identity through the riddance of empiricism, the mind blurs the picture-entire. You must only be sure that the smudge left behind resembles.

Homunculus

The perfect human, engineered... It's possible, a sanitised environment, the best conditions — for all we know, it's being worked on as we speak, or not, due to the lack of flexibility. There should not be anything inhumane about the pursuit of perfection in us. It is to be understood that we cannot actually produce a flawless person, but we can deliver the next best thing. And to that end, why not have a man amongst men?

Indulging the Bad

If you must do bad, then do so incrementally. If you treat food as more than it is, hate it instead of obsessing over it. People are better monitored rather than controlled. Overthink broadly, don't fixate. Bet on sugar and caffeine as opposed to more notorious substances. Chronically avoid productivity and lie to yourself, don't crumble under deadlines and panic. Be passive-aggressive, hurt yourself instead of exploding in rage at another. Don't distort the reality of those around you, be some surface-level mythomaniac instead. Live in the insecurity of thought, not action. Self-erasure and people-pleasing are mutually exclusive.

Minute

The first order of business is optimising the time-mending process of yourself and those around you to process faster and more efficiently. This can be done through either the suppression of memory retrieval mechanisms and the tampering of memory tracing, OR the facilitation of involuntary, endogenous memory surfacing to induce predetermined behavioural changes.

Once that's over, you can broaden the scope of mending to a people or all, depending. There are many ways to go about it, ranging from rhetoric to contact; the idea is that time is a sovereign remedy.

Selective remembrance and the preaching of can be a targeted cure.

Least Lead

I wouldn't ever really be caught apologising for not choosing you. In the end, you and I mattered exponentially more than what we actually should've.

After all this time, I'm rather more sorry to myself for wasting mine, but of course, in having done so, I've dragged you along as well.

In doing something too often, the build-up of confidence diminishes. With no returns, so does the drive of conduct. In striking a foe without fail one hundred times, you'll falter in the next fourteen, leave after two more.

In hindsight, having never met you, not much would have changed in my conduct and mind; you were rather

unassuming. And you mustn't misunderstand, I do not speak from a place of malice, but pity.

Good or bad are arbitrary. Use this as a tool to do good things that everyone says are bad, without judging yourself.

You were much like biting into mouldy bread.

Headspace

Rationality, heightened, is often regarded as an inexplicable bad within our social environments. Correlating to a tradeoff with emotional quotient, making man less in touch with what makes up a human, or so.

Absolute nonsense, mind you, when weighed, whatever reasoning was used earlier will never outdo the pure individual and subsequently (directly causational) collective wellbeing of what the focus on the cultivation of rationale provides as opposed to its neglect for 'tuning into the self's emotional needs' — what?

Not that Long, Really

We don't live long enough to commit suicide. Not long enough at all to kill another, either. We don't have enough time to spend the rest of our lives with a mediocre partner, or to fail in making sure our kids grow up well-mannered. We really don't have the time to check off procrastination and hesitation as permanent character traits, nor to keep saying 'no' to friends who invite us to experience. We don't get enough time to avoid being judgemental, taking too long to take stances, or not sharing our opinions. Do you think we have enough time to take life at our 'own pace' and 'soul-

search'? We don't. We can't afford to make as many mistakes as we want. Yet no question should be left unanswered.

To most, if not all, conundrums, I aim to provide solution.

Crescendo of a Mile

Your reprehensible laxity drives me nuts.

It wasn't ever my intention.

Yes. It was.

...

Inching closer to the heart, a tumour. Pulsating, it had purposes hidden away from my watchful eyes. These eyes have grown a little weary, the eyelashes so long they now mimic the self-impaling horns of some wild, aggressive antelope — with each lack of tending causing irritation, making me blink more, see less, miss out on her.

She was beauty from the very start. It could be that the hand I felt for that night was meant to have been hers all along, and it is a travesty that my mind was in an imperfect state, at the time having me content with dereliction. And in being granted chance again, I had ruled the thought — no, the desideratum out of the question oh so ineptly.

And then, for the final time, the hells went on strike, and the heavens abolished, for me to choose nought but sticking to the script.

Yet I need not the blessings of any but myself, and I smile upon the thing in the mirror, always.

This character of splendour and majesty, she.

I now realise, after a time, that I can feel a little uneasy about following through with such an unknown, uneasy and yet enlivened. After all, I ask for a lot, and in the asking I must've begun neglecting the answers. The coy smiles, the insanity I wish to drown in, the way she breathes, sips and glances, what others think of her. She can handle complicated, so can I, though at the same time she shows an ease that my pent-up, pungent, vitalised remains cannot render as burlesque — thus they find ebullience in catering... Or rather — I'm getting ahead of myself — in wishing to comprehend the needs and wants of the meat contraption that circumscribes her. Those needs and wants still unbeknownst to me, making it oh so convivial to blunder as I try, with earnest intentions, to understand them.

A table set. An appetite concupiscent.

I like her. And I enjoy writing about her, I find no trouble in bringing up the case of romance for the twentieth time, purely because now, it is her I speak of. She's gregarious, though admittedly for cats more than humans. And what I wouldn't give to admire her admire them for one eternity. Alas, enough flattery for now, I know better than to overindulge. This was but a humble few words of affection.

I'm meant to entreat her company with this here passage, no doubt a rather entertaining way of doing so. Certainly, all I write about I'll need to express in person eventually — that is, if I'm able.

Truth Lumps

To be a competent vigilante is good.

Patience is a testament to our will; it is a virtue. However, cognitively-incurious patience is foolishness.

Intuition over experience-founded prejudice is an asset undeserving of discarding.

Unconventional energy sources must be encouraged.

In reiteration, repetition — materialisation.

If you wish to be part of a drama, control the narrative. Expose yourself incrementally at thy own pace.

Instruct the part of you that oversees the place where your urges lie to do a better job of filtering.

Create in expression of utmost. Be eccentric, when you walk into a room, strike up conversation and in failure remain alone in lieu of surrendering your authenticity.

The new generation's desensitisation can only be overcome as a 'poor' trait through the discipline of, and intertwinement with, patience.

Heaven might be now.

One of the grandest and most important items of demand must be interpretation and an accessible axis. To be able to communicate with anyone and allow anyone to speak in return. The other must have the opportunity to express, for us

to be at liberty to silence them upon the realisation that (perhaps just as we suspected) they had nothing of importance to say.

Happenings, such as in whose mind you fathom, or which eyes stare when you don't, needn't concern you.

In silence, talking is had. The other will better illusion themselves if left to their organs at appropriate intervals. The need: oversight of stimulus, they must pursue the intended-by-you trajectory.

Play intensely, even at the expense of facets of self.

If good people expect others to be good and do nothing to show that good, as they find comfort in knowing the former, then good happens most in moments of absolute idleness. This is wrong.

In the claiming of ability to answer all, the humanitarian value plummets.

Research splits: The acquisition of knowledge and the polishing of perspective.

The prior people had more time to simmer in the little they knew, the people of now know far more: the former had opportunity of acting in medium of pain, the latter needs strength tenfold to even recognise their ability of acting.

If you wish to be a son or daughter of peace, leave no palpable trace of yourself in others, just as you wouldn't on a nature trail. Yes, this means that being a peace prospect opposes legacy.

Indulge the ego even if to the point of embarrassment —
better than humbling the self into oblivion.

To caress and fondle is gratifying.

If, for an unreasonable amount of time, you remain in a state
of purposelessness and sloth, you are actively committing
crimes against humanity.

To questions with no substance, answer definitively anyhow, if
you wish to display leadership.

Focus cash flow on moments and highlights. These can result
from both materialistic and immaterial goods and services;
they mustn't abide by either.

The only person to whom I can reliably grant miracles is
myself.

The man most applauded is he who is ungovernable. May the
biblically accurate angels chant his name at the loftiest decibels
into the ears of God, shattering those tender eardrums of His.
And within the objective tinnitus, a frequency designed to
cradle the man we speak of into the very comfort of slumber.

Give up liberties for knowledge.

In tactical deadening, be less greedy for edifying experiences.

As with commodities, availability does not imply demand. In
the same way, people's feelings toward you should be
commodified, so that encountering them does not leave you
wanting.

Living in place of character makes the pursuit of Effability a rather challenging one. There, the average shan't welcome with much smile the notion of accepting whatever it is that you suggest as de règle.

Trust needs reason. Trust, above all, has reason to be broken.

If you wish to abandon the binds of morality for the pursuit of bountiful enlightenment, I urge you to. You know who you are; there are too few of us. At some 'unacceptable' costs, you might end up broadening horizons (something which becomes increasingly harder to perform).

Chase side-quests, offer them too.

An extinguishment apparatus that qualifies as one serving the natural selection's aforethoughts can be an excellent way of propelling mankind's evolution.

Adequately distinguish between being in a place of stump as opposed to a place of sprout.

Categorising and classifying those you know, and acting towards them in different ways, that match whatever they deserve based on the category within which they reside, can make your daily social affairs much easier.

Consent and love don't need to go hand in hand.

Abandon when abandoned.

If ever you must decide between burning out and fading away, let there be fire, for you must never fade away.

Love whatever's 'wrong' with me, help me fix whatever's *wrong*, then we can be.

When subjects of yours (not those in irrelevancy) betray your expectations, be sure not to be shaken, even if you're caught off guard. Nudging them in the right direction was an honest mistake.

At intervals, let things define you as well as be defined within them. Do not spend too much time loitering.

Hate the weak only after judging them.

The only way to credible self-happiness is to reassess (as many times as needed) the wants and needs of the inner-self, and polish instead of acknowledging. The wants and needs are abstracts that need to be moulded into a contextually relevant form if you wish to meet humane standards.

In pursuit of goals and aims, don't hesitate to change not only your methods and techniques of approach but also the former. A goal's not worth it if it validates the needs of others at a disproportionate level than those of yourself (assuming, of course, your needs are rather utilitarian).

Afterword

Well done, it's over.

The author enjoys a good chili con carne. He'd like to thank many of his friends, primarily during his overseas studies in Germany, who had greatly aided in the developmental process concerning many of the ideas found within 'Against the Ineffable'. He works in international politics and occasionally has a cappuccino with a friend. Parties. Wants a black cat, a comfortable bed, a daughter. Hopes Xi Jinping reads this. Into public speaking, private speaking too, generally talks a lot — even alone.

You can contact him on social media at @reanrhowyn or through email at tavefy@gmail.com

Cover Art credits attributed to: Eve at latragnaevaelectra@gmail.com

Editorial credits attributed to: Daria at danilovadm@icloud.com

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